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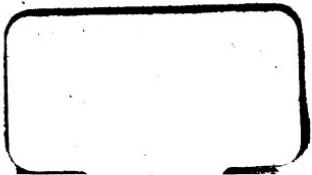
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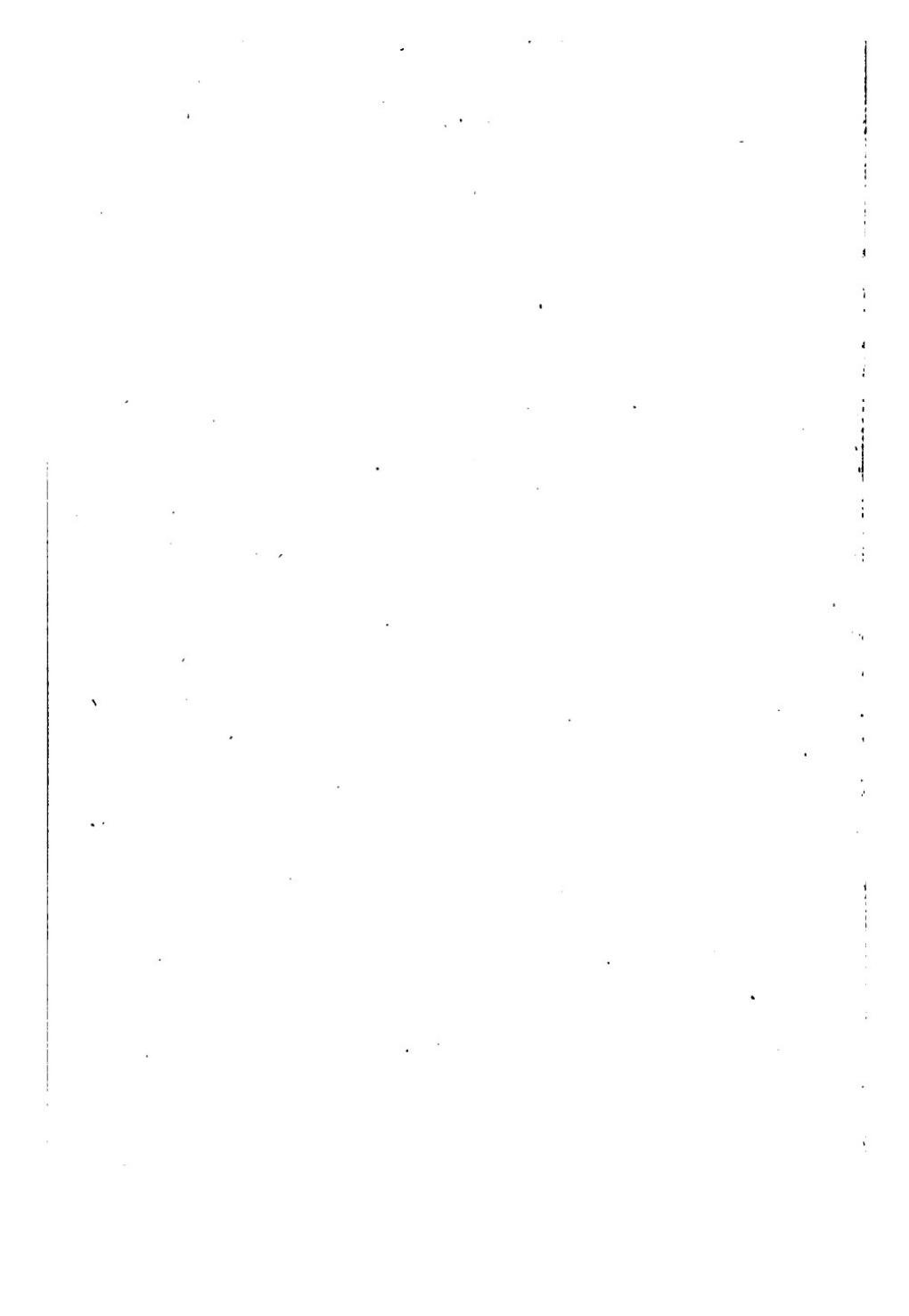
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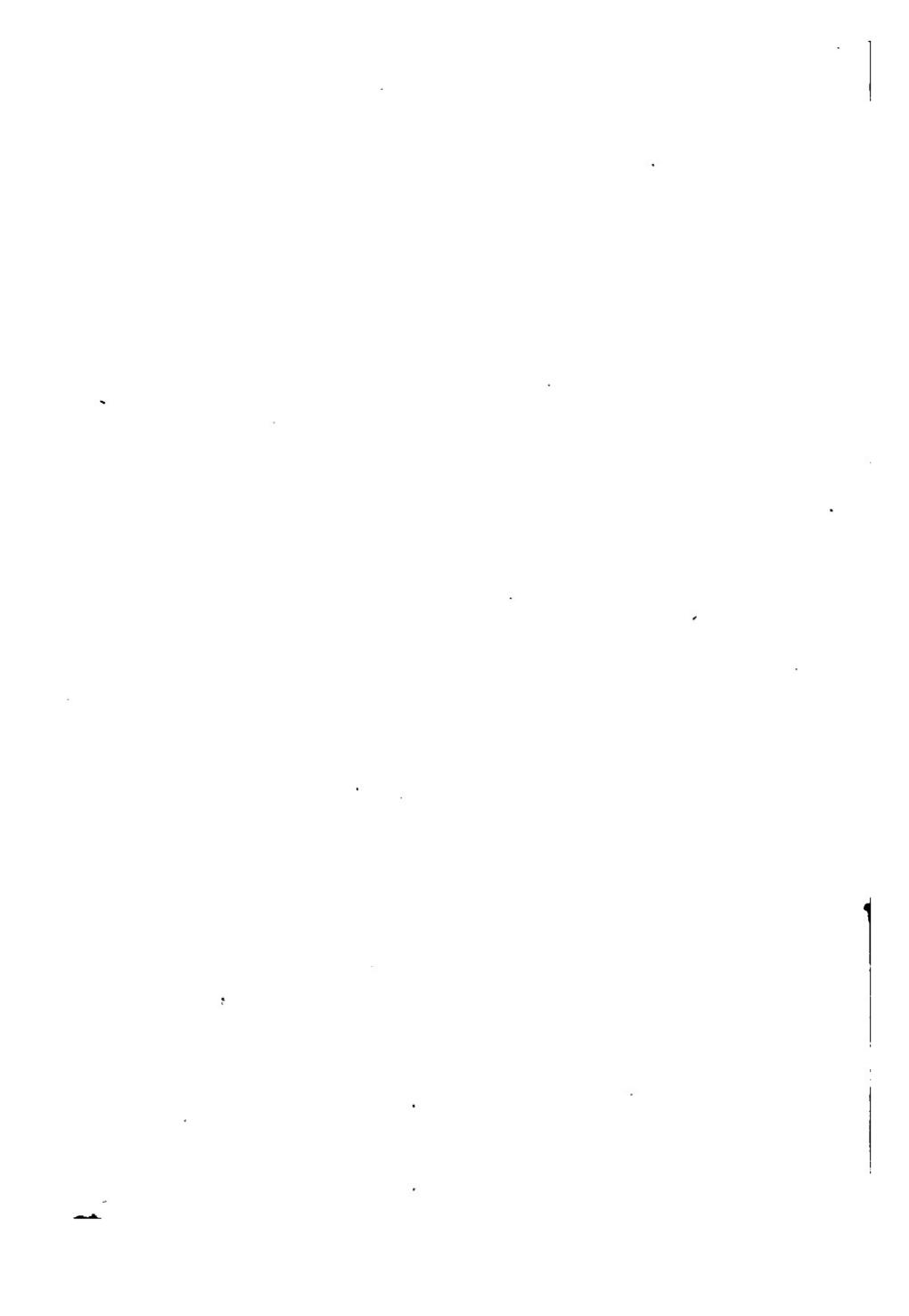
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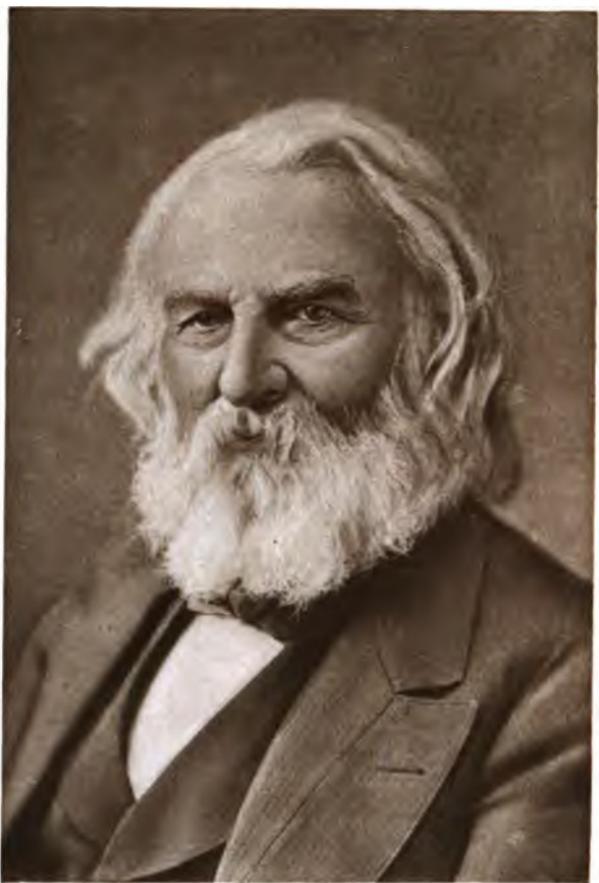
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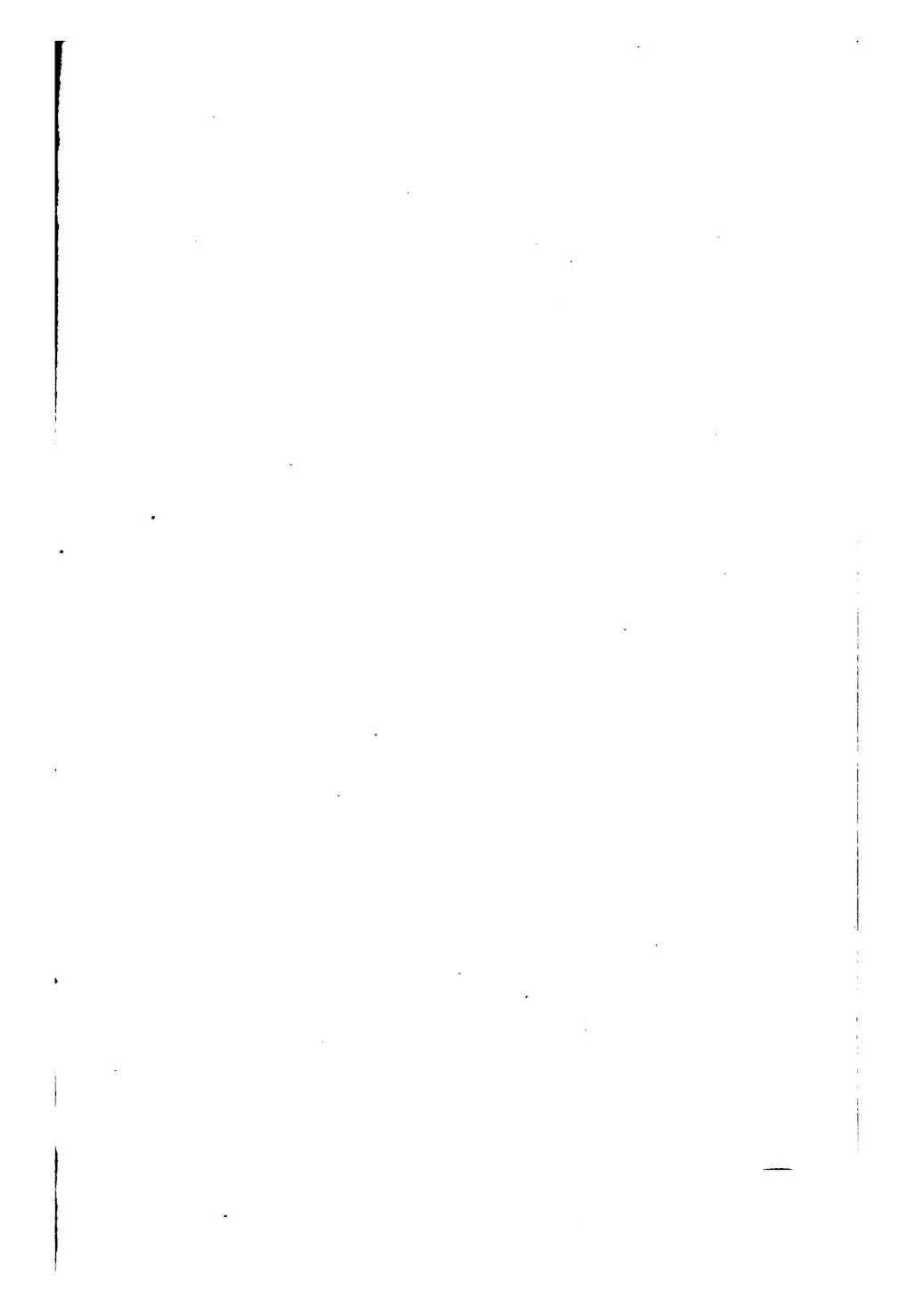


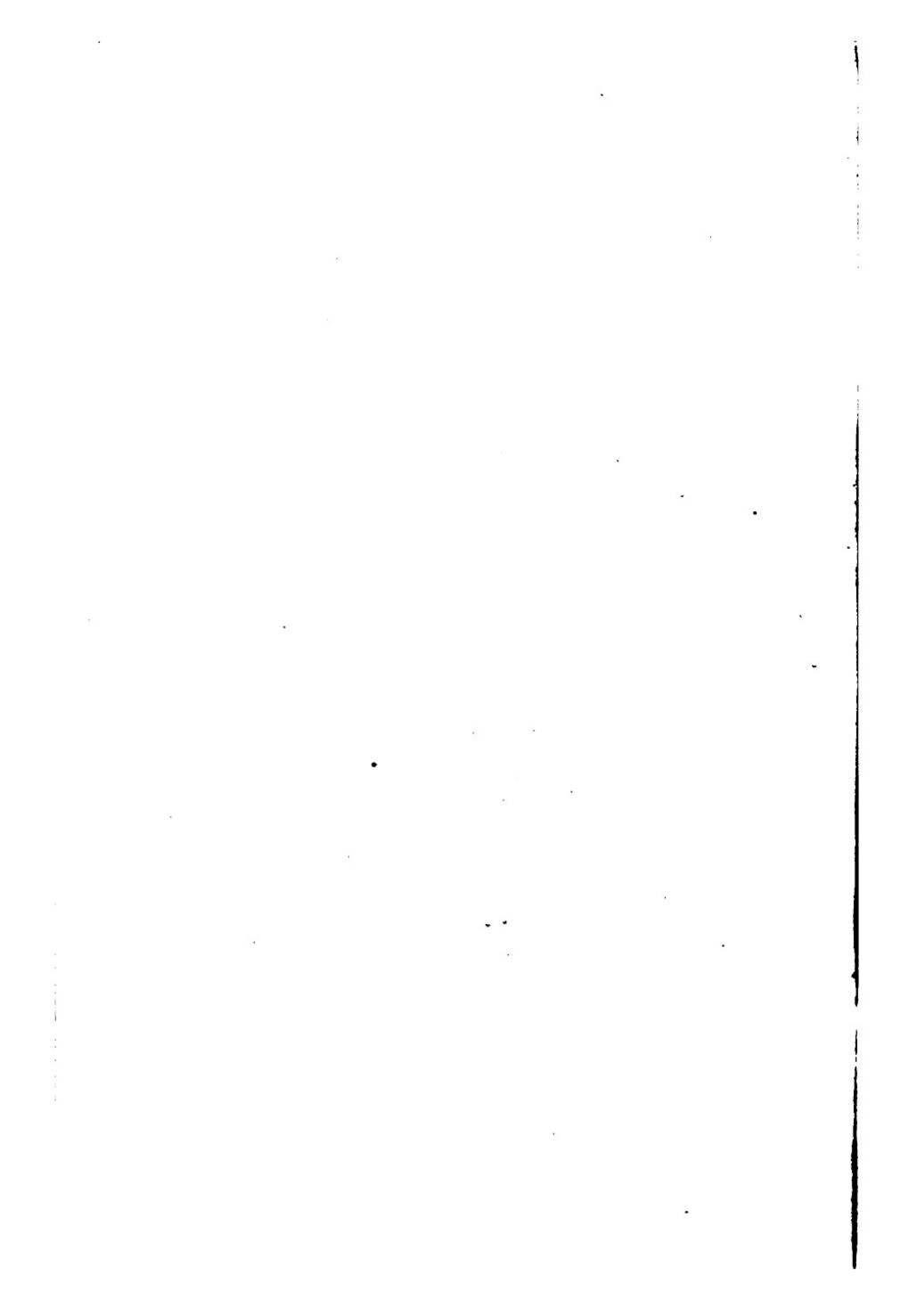
**A LONGFELLOW CALENDAR**





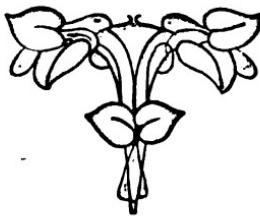






# LONGFELLOW DAY · BY · DAY

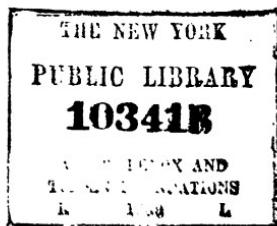
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## JANUARY

### JANUARY FIRST

**A**LL are architects of Fate,  
Working in these walls of Time;  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place.

*The Builders*

### JANUARY SECOND

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!  
Take this lesson to thy heart:  
That is best which lieth nearest;  
Shape from that thy work of art.

*The Ladder of St. Augustine*

### JANUARY THIRD

All common things, each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end,  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

*The Ladder of St. Augustine*

## JANUARY FOURTH

Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise !) to  
cherish  
God more than all things earthly, and every man  
as a brother ?  
Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith  
by your living,  
Th' heavenly faith of affection ! to hope, to for-  
give, and to suffer,  
Be what it may your condition, and walk before  
God in uprightness?

*The Children of the Lord's Supper*

## JANUARY FIFTH

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

*Maidenhood*

## JANUARY SIXTH

Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains ;  
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be.  
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see  
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.

*The Good Shepherd*

## JANUARY SEVENTH

Chill airs and wintry winds ! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song ;  
I hear it in the opening year,—  
I listen, and it cheers me long.

*Woods in Winter*

## JANUARY EIGHTH

I am weary  
Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,  
Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as  
strangers ;  
Where whispers overheard betray false hearts ;  
And through the mazes of the crowd we chase  
Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and beckons,  
And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us  
A mockery and a jest ; maddened,— confused,—  
Not knowing friend from foe.

*The Spanish Student*

## JANUARY NINTH

Ah ! when the infinite burden of life descendeth  
upon us,  
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth,  
in the graveyard,—  
Then it is good to pray unto God ; for his sorrow-  
ing children  
Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and  
helps and consoles them.

*The Children of the Lord's Supper*

## JANUARY TENTH

Sacred heart of the Saviour ! O inexhaustible foun-  
tain !  
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submis-  
sion and patience !

*Evangeline*

### JANUARY ELEVENTH

Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy  
work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endu-  
rance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the  
heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered  
more worthy of heaven!

*Evangeline*

### JANUARY TWELFTH

Then in Life's goblet freely press  
The leaves that give it bitterness,  
Nor prize the colored waters less,  
For in thy darkness and distress

New light and strength they give!

*The Goblet of Life*

### JANUARY THIRTEENTH

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

*The Ladder of St. Augustine*

### JANUARY FOURTEENTH

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thoughts of ill;  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
In the bright fields of fair renown  
The right of eminent domain.

*The Ladder of St. Augustine*

#### JANUARY FIFTEENTH

Ah ! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had  
fallen,  
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance cele-  
stial ascended,—  
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgive-  
ness, and patience !

*Evangeline*

#### JANUARY SIXTEENTH

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to  
others,  
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had  
taught her.  
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odor-  
ous spices,  
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air  
with aroma.  
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to  
follow  
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of  
her Saviour.

*Evangeline*

### JANUARY SEVENTEENTH

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—  
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,  
    after confession,  
Homeward serenely she walked with God's bene-  
diction upon her.  
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing  
    of exquisite music.

*Evangeline*

### JANUARY EIGHTEENTH

We cannot walk together in this world !  
The distance that divides us is too great !  
Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars ;  
I must not hold thee back.

*The Spanish Student*

### JANUARY NINETEENTH

O weary hearts ! O slumbering eyes !  
O drooping souls, whose destinies  
    Are fraught with fear and pain,  
Ye shall be loved again !

No one is so accursed by fate,  
No one so utterly desolate,  
    But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto his own.

*Endymion*

## JANUARY TWENTIETH

Ye voices, that arose  
After the Evening's close,  
And whispered to my restless heart repose !

Go, breathe it in the ear  
Of all who doubt and fear,  
And say to them, "Be of good cheer!"

*L'Envoy*

## JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST

Our feelings and our thoughts  
Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.  
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,  
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,  
So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,  
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

*The Spanish Student*

## JANUARY TWENTY-SECOND

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !  
Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
Act,—act in the living Present !  
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

*A Psalm of Life*

## JANUARY TWENTY-THIRD

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear  
What man has borne before !  
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,  
And they complain no more.

*Hymn to the Night*

### JANUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

O sleep, sweet sleep !  
Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,  
Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled  
Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught !

*The Spanish Student*

### JANUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

Were half the power, that fills the world with  
terror,  
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and  
courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.

*The Arsenal at Springfield*

### JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !  
And every nation, that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain !

*The Arsenal at Springfield*

### JANUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Then, through the silence overhead,  
An angel with a trumpet said,  
“For evermore, for evermore,  
The reign of violence is o'er !”  
And, like an instrument that flings  
Its music on another's strings,

The trumpet of the angel cast  
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,  
And on from sphere to sphere the words  
Reëchoed down the burning chords,—  
“For evermore, for evermore,  
The reign of violence is o'er !”

*The Occultation of Orion*

#### JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Cross against corslet,  
Love against hatred,  
Peace-cry for war-cry !  
Patience is powerful ;  
He that o'ercometh  
Hath power o'er the nations !

*The Saga of King Olaf*

#### JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH

Out of the bosom of the Air,  
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,  
Over the woodlands brown and bare  
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,  
Silent, and soft, and slow  
Descends the snow.

*Snow-Flakes*

### JANUARY THIRTIETH

Even as our cloudy fancies take  
    Suddenly shape in some divine expression,  
Even as the troubled heart doth make  
    In the white countenance confession,  
        The troubled sky reveals  
        The grief it feels.

*Snow-Flakes*

### JANUARY THIRTY-FIRST

This is the poem of the air,  
    Slowly in silent syllables recorded;  
This is the secret of despair,  
    Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,  
        Now whispered and revealed  
        To wood and field.

*Snow-Flakes*

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## FEBRUARY

### FEBRUARY FIRST

O NWARD its course the present keeps,  
Onward the constant current sweeps,  
Till life is done;  
And, did we judge of time aright,  
The past and future in their flight  
Would be as one.

*Coplas de Manrique*

### FEBRUARY SECOND

But at length the feverish day  
Like a passion died away,  
And the night, serene and still,  
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

*Daylight and Moonlight*

### FEBRUARY THIRD

All are sleeping, weary heart !  
Thou, thou only sleepless art !  
All this throbbing, all this aching,  
Evermore shall keep thee waking,  
For a heart in sorrow breaking  
Thinketh ever of its smart !

*The Spanish Student*

## FEBRUARY FOURTH

This life of ours is a wild aeolian harp of many a  
joyous strain,  
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual  
wail, as of souls in pain.

*The Spanish Student*

## FEBRUARY FIFTH

Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that  
aches and bleeds with the stigma  
Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and  
can comprehend its dark enigma.

*The Spanish Student*

## FEBRUARY SIXTH

Why should I live? Do I not know  
The life of woman is full of woe?  
Toiling on and on and on,  
With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,  
And silent lips, and in the soul  
The secret longings that arise,  
Which this world never satisfies!  
Some more, some less, but of the whole  
Not one quite happy, no, not one!

*The Spanish Student*

## FEBRUARY SEVENTH

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was  
wasted ;  
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, re-  
turning  
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them  
full of refreshment ;  
That which the fountain sends forth returns again  
to the fountain.

*Evangeline*

## FEBRUARY EIGHTH

Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over  
his failings,  
Guide the erring aright ; for the good, the hea-  
venly shepherd  
Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back  
to its mother.  
This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that  
we know it.

*The Children of the Lord's Supper*

## FEBRUARY NINTH

Love is the creature's welfare, with God ; but Love  
among mortals  
Is but an endless sigh ! He longs, and endures, and  
stands waiting,  
Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on  
his eyelids.

*The Children of the Lord's Supper*

## FEBRUARY TENTH

Hope,—so is called upon earth, his recompense,  
—Hope, the befriending,  
Does what she can, for she points evermore up to  
heaven, and faithful  
Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the  
grave, and beneath it  
Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet  
play of shadows !

*The Children of the Lord's Supper*

## FEBRUARY ELEVENTH

All is of God ! If he but wave his hand,  
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,  
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,  
Lo ! he looks back from the departing cloud.

*The Two Angels*

## FEBRUARY TWELFTH

Angels of Life and Death alike are his ;  
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er ;  
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,  
Against his messengers to shut the door ?

*The Two Angels*

## FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH

When winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill,  
That overbrows the lonely vale.

*Woods in Winter*

## FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

O'er the bare upland, and away  
Through the long reach of desert woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
And gladden these deep solitudes.

*Woods in Winter*

## FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH

The day is ending,  
The night is descending;  
The marsh is frozen,  
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes  
The red sun flashes  
On village windows  
That glimmer red.

*Afternoon in February*

## FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH

A radiance, streaming from within,  
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,  
The Angel with the violin,  
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.  
He lived in that ideal world  
Whose language is not speech, but song.

*The Wayside Inn*

### FEBRUARY SEVENTEENTH

To me the thought of death is terrible,  
Having such hold on life. To thee it is not  
So much even as the lifting of a latch ;  
Only a step into the open air  
Out of a tent already luminous  
With light that shines through its transparent  
walls.

O pure in heart ! from thy sweet dust shall grow  
Lilies, upon whose petals will be written  
“Ave Maria” in characters of gold !

*The Golden Legend*

### FEBRUARY EIGHTEENTH

The night is come, but not too soon ;  
And sinking silently,  
All silently, the little moon  
Drops down behind the sky.

Within my breast there is no light,  
But the cold light of stars ;  
I give the first watch of the night  
To the red planet Mars.

*The Light of Stars*

### FEBRUARY NINETEENTH

O star of strength ! I see thee stand  
And smile upon my pain ;  
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,  
And I am strong again.

The star of the unconquered will,  
He rises in my breast,  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm, and self-possessed.

*The Light of Stars*

#### FEBRUARY TWENTIETH

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,  
That readest this brief psalm,  
As one by one thy hopes depart,  
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

*The Light of Stars*

#### FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIRST

The prayer of Ajax was for light ;  
Through all that dark and desperate fight,  
The blackness of that noonday night,  
He asked but the return of sight,  
To see his foeman's face.

*The Goblet of Life*

## FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear  
Our portion of the weight of care,  
That crushes into dumb despair  
One half the human race.

*The Goblet of Life*

## FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD

All through life there are way-side inns, where  
man may refresh his soul with love;  
Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets  
fed by springs from above.

*The Golden Legend*

## FEBRUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,  
Thou didst seek after me,—that thou didst wait,  
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,  
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?  
O strange delusion!—that I did not greet  
Thy blest approach, and O, to Heaven how lost,  
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost  
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.

*To-morrow*

## FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

How oft my guardian angel gently cried,  
“Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see  
How he persists to knock and wait for thee !”  
And, O ! how often to that voice of sorrow,  
“To-morrow we will open,” I replied,  
And when the morrow came I answered still,  
“To-morrow.”

*To-morrow*

## FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

My Redeemer and my Lord,  
I beseech thee, I entreat thee,  
Guide me in each act and word,  
That hereafter I may meet thee,  
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,  
With my lamp well trimmed and burning !

*The Golden Legend*

## FEBRUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Interceding  
With these bleeding  
Wounds upon thy hands and side,  
For all who have lived and erred  
Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,  
Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,  
And in the grave hast thou been buried !

*The Golden Legend*

#### FEBRUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

If my feeble prayer can reach thee,  
O my Saviour, I beseech thee,  
Even as thou hast died for me,  
More sincerely  
Let me follow where thou leadest,  
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,  
Die, if dying I may give  
Life to one who asks to live,  
And more nearly,  
Dying thus, resemble thee !

*The Golden Legend*

#### FEBRUARY TWENTY-NINTH

Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
The summer vine in beauty clung,  
And summer winds the stillness broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung.

*Woods in Winter*



## MARCH

### MARCH FIRST

O BLESSED Lord ! how much I need  
Thy light to guide me on my way !  
So many hands, that, without heed,  
Still touch thy wounds, and make them bleed !  
So many feet, that, day by day,  
Still wander from thy fold astray !  
Unless thou fill me with thy light,  
I cannot lead thy flock aright ;  
Nor, without thy support, can bear  
The burden of so great a care,  
But am myself a castaway !

*The Golden Legend*

### MARCH SECOND

The day is drawing to its close ;  
And what good deeds, since first it rose,  
Have I presented, Lord, to thee,  
As offerings of my ministry ?  
What wrong repressed, what right maintained,  
What struggle passed, what victory gained,  
What good attempted and attained ?

*The Golden Legend*

### MARCH THIRD

Feeble, at best, is my endeavor !  
I see, but cannot reach, the height  
That lies forever in the light,  
And yet forever and forever,  
When seeming just within my grasp,  
I feel my feeble hands unclasp,  
And sink discouraged into night !  
For thine own purpose, thou hast sent  
The strife and the discouragement !

*The Golden Legend*

### MARCH FOURTH

O beauty of holiness,  
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowness !  
O power of meekness,  
Whose very gentleness and weakness  
Are like the yielding, but irresistible air.

*Evangeline*

### MARCH FIFTH

Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats  
on the surface  
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the an-  
chor is hidden.  
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the  
world calls illusions.

*Evangeline*

### MARCH SIXTH

Blessed are the pure before God ! Upon purity and  
upon virtue  
Resteth the Christian Faith.

*The Children of the Lord's Supper*

### MARCH SEVENTH

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls  
The burial-ground God's-Acre ! It is just ;  
It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

*God's-Acre*

### MARCH EIGHTH

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown  
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,  
Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.

*God's-Acre*

### MARCH NINTH

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me.  
I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,  
And you will have another friend in heaven.  
Then start not at the creaking of the door  
Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

*The Golden Legend*

### MARCH TENTH

Above the darksome sea of death  
Looms the great life that is to be,  
A land of cloud and mystery,  
A dim mirage, with shapes of men  
Long dead, and passed beyond our ken.  
Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath  
Till the fair pageant vanisheth,  
Leaving us in perplexity,  
And doubtful whether it has been  
A vision of the world unseen,  
Or a bright image of our own  
Against the sky in vapors thrown.

*The Golden Legend*

### MARCH ELEVENTH

Now if my act be good, as I believe,  
It cannot be recalled. It is already  
Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accomplished.

*The Golden Legend*

### MARCH TWELFTH

No action, whether foul or fair,  
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere  
A record, written by fingers ghostly,  
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly  
In the greater weakness or greater strength  
Of the acts which follow it, till at length  
The wrongs of ages are redressed,  
And the justice of God made manifest.

*The Golden Legend*

### MARCH THIRTEENTH

In ancient records it is stated  
That, whenever an evil deed is done,  
Another devil is created  
To scourge and torment the offending one !  
But evil is only good perverted,  
And Lucifer, the Bearer of Light,  
But an angel fallen and deserted,  
Thrust from his Father's house with a curse  
Into the black and endless night.

*The Golden Legend*

### MARCH FOURTEENTH

If justice rules the universe,  
From the good actions of good men  
Angels of light should be begotten,  
And thus the balance restored again.

*The Golden Legend*

### MARCH FIFTEENTH

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle ;  
Be a hero in the strife !

*A Psalm of Life*

### MARCH SIXTEENTH

Pray for the Dead !  
Why for the dead, who are at rest ?  
Pray for the living, in whose breast  
The struggle between right and wrong  
Is raging terrible and strong,  
As when good angels war with devils !

*The Golden Legend*

### MARCH SEVENTEENTH

Ah ! if our souls but poise and swing  
Like the compass in its brazen ring,  
Ever level and ever true  
To the toil and the task we have to do,  
We shall sail securely, and safely reach  
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach  
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,  
Will be those of joy and not of fear !

*The Building of the Ship*

### MARCH EIGHTEENTH

O precious hours ! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time !  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—  
“Forever—never !  
Never—forever !”

*The Old Clock on the Stairs*

## MARCH NINETEENTH

Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death, and time shall disappear,—  
Forever there, but never here !  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly,—  
“Forever—never !  
Never—forever !”

*The Old Clock on the Stairs*

## MARCH TWENTIETH

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song ?

*The Arrow and the Song*

## MARCH TWENTY-FIRST

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

*The Arrow and the Song*

### MARCH TWENTY-SECOND

The moon was pallid, but not faint,  
And beautiful as some fair saint,  
Serenely moving on her way  
In hours of trial and dismay.  
As if she heard the voice of God,  
Unharmed with naked feet she trod  
Upon the hot and burning stars,  
As on the glowing coals and bars  
That were to prove her strength, and try  
Her holiness and her purity.

*The Occultation of Orion.*

### MARCH TWENTY-THIRD

Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,  
To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,  
Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.  
Thou art too young, too full of lusty health  
To talk of dying.

*The Spanish Student*

### MARCH TWENTY-FOURTH

Yet I fain would die.  
To go through life, unloving and unloved ;  
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul  
We carnot still ; that longing, that wild impulse,  
And struggle after something we have not  
And cannot have ; the effort to be strong ;  
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,  
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks ;  
All this the dead feel not,—the dead alone !  
Would I were with them !

*The Spanish Student*

### MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH

You are passionate;  
And this same passionate humor in your blood  
Has marred your fortune.

*The Spanish Student*

### MARCH TWENTY-SIXTH

Yet thou shalt not perish.  
The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.  
Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines  
A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

*The Spanish Student*

### MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
“Life is but an empty dream!”  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”  
Was not spoken of the soul.

*A Psalm of Life*

### MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

*A Psalm of Life*

#### MARCH TWENTY-NINTH

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

*A Psalm of Life*

#### MARCH THIRTIETH

Gentle Spring!—in sunshine clad,  
Well dost thou thy power display!  
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,  
And thou,—thou makest the sad heart gay.  
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,  
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the  
rain;  
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,  
When thy merry step draws near.

*Spring*

#### MARCH THIRTY-FIRST

Did we but use it as we ought,  
This world would school each wandering thought  
To its high state.  
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,  
Up to that better world on high,  
For which we wait.

*Coplas de Manrique*

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## APRIL

‘.‘

### APRIL FIRST

ETERNAL Sun ! the warmth which thou hast  
given,  
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays ;  
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,  
Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven.

*The Image of God*

### APRIL SECOND

Celestial King ! O let thy presence pass  
Before my spirit, and an image fair  
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,  
As the reflected image in a glass  
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,  
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

*The Image of God*

### APRIL THIRD

And on her lips there played a smile  
As holy, meek, and faint,  
As lights in some cathedral aisle  
The features of a saint.

*The Quadroon Girl*

#### APRIL FOURTH

I have no other shield than mine own virtue,  
That is the charm which has protected me !  
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it  
Here on my heart ! It is my guardian angel.

*The Spanish Student*

#### APRIL FIFTH

Thy words fall from thy lips  
Like roses from the lips of Angelo : and angels  
Might stoop to pick them up !

*The Golden Legend*

#### APRIL SIXTH

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glim-  
mering vapors  
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet de-  
scending from Sinai.  
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus  
sounded.  
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the  
meadows.  
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of  
heaven,  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of  
the angels.

*Evangeline*

#### APRIL SEVENTH

Sleep, sleep, O city ! though within  
The circuit of your walls there lies  
No habitation free from sin,  
And all its nameless miseries ;  
The aching heart, the aching head,  
Grief for the living and the dead,  
And foul corruption of the time,  
Disease, distress, and want, and woe,  
And crimes, and passions that may grow  
Until they ripen into crime !

*The Golden Legend*

#### APRIL EIGHTH

O suffering, sad humanity !  
O ye afflicted ones, who lie  
Steeped to the lips in misery,  
Longing, and yet afraid to die,  
Patient, though sorely tried !

*The Goblet of Lij:*

#### APRIL NINTH

This world is but the rugged road  
Which leads us to the bright abode  
Of peace above ;  
So let us choose that narrow way,  
Which leads no traveller's foot astray  
From realms of love.

*Coplas de Manrique*

#### APRIL TENTH

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

*The Village Blacksmith*

#### APRIL ELEVENTH

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought!

*The Village Blacksmith*

#### APRIL TWELFTH

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread.  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapors that arise  
From the well-watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

*Rain in Summer*

#### APRIL THIRTEENTH

As a pilgrim to the Holy City  
Walks unmolested, and with thoughts of pardon  
Occupied wholly, so would I approach  
The gates of Heaven, in this great jubilee,  
With my petition, putting off from me  
All thoughts of earth, as shoes from off my feet.

*The Golden Legend*

#### APRIL FOURTEENTH

This is the day, when from the dead  
Our Lord arose ; and everywhere,  
Out of their darkness and despair,  
Triumphant over fears and foes,  
The hearts of his disciples rose ;  
When to the women, standing near,  
The Angel in shining vesture said,  
“The Lord is risen ; he is not here !”

*The Golden Legend*

#### APRIL FIFTEENTH

Labor with what zeal we will,  
Something still remains undone,  
Something uncompleted still  
Waits the rising of the sun.

Waits, and will not go away ;  
Waits, and will not be gainsaid ;  
By the cares of yesterday  
Each to-day is heavier made.

*Something Left Undone*

#### APRIL SIXTEENTH

O little feet ! that such long years  
Must wander on through hopes and fears,  
Must ache and bleed beneath your load ;  
I, nearer to the wayside inn  
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,  
Am weary, thinking of your road !

*Weariness*

#### APRIL SEVENTEENTH

O little hearts ! that throb and beat  
With such impatient, feverish heat,  
Such limitless and strong desires ;  
Mine that so long has glowed and burned,  
With passions into ashes turned  
Now covers and conceals its fires.

*Weariness*

#### APRIL EIGHTEENTH

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet ;  
That was all ! And yet, through the gloom and  
the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night ;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his  
flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

*Paul Revere's Ride*

#### APRIL NINETEENTH

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
    Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
    To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
    And lifts us unawares  
    Out of all meaner cares.

*Santa Filomena*

#### APRIL TWENTIETH

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
    And by their overflow  
    Raise us from what is low !

*Santa Filomena*

#### APRIL TWENTY-FIRST

Come to me, O ye children !  
    And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are singing  
    In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
    And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses,  
    And the gladness of your looks ?

*Children*

#### APRIL TWENTY-SECOND

O child ! O new-born denizen  
Of life's great city ! on thy head  
The glory of the morn is shed,  
Like a celestial benison !  
Here at the portal thou dost stand,  
And with thy little hand  
Thou openest the mysterious gate  
Into the future's undiscovered land.

*To a Child*

#### APRIL TWENTY-THIRD

Laugh of the mountain !—lyre of bird and tree !  
Pomp of the meadow ! mirror of the morn !  
The soul of April, unto whom are born  
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee !

*The Brook*

#### APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH

How without guile thy bosom, all transparent  
As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye  
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles  
count !  
How, without malice murmuring, glides thy cur-  
rent !

*The Brook*

#### APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of  
the forest,  
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.  
On the river  
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,  
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and  
devious spirit.

*Evangeline*

#### APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH

When the warm sun, that brings  
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,  
'T is sweet to visit the still wood, where springs  
The first flower of the plain.

From the earth's loosened mould  
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;  
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,  
The drooping tree revives.

*An April Day*

#### APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH

The softly-warbled song  
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings  
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along  
The forest openings.

Sweet April!—many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;  
Nor shall they fail, till to its autumn brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed.

*An April Day*

#### APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH

Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,  
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,  
Back unto their lakes and marshes  
Come the wild goose and the heron,  
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,  
Sing the bluebird and the robin,  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the meadows wave with blossoms,  
All the woodlands ring with music,  
All the trees are dark with foliage!

*The Song of Hiawatha*

#### APRIL TWENTY-NINTH

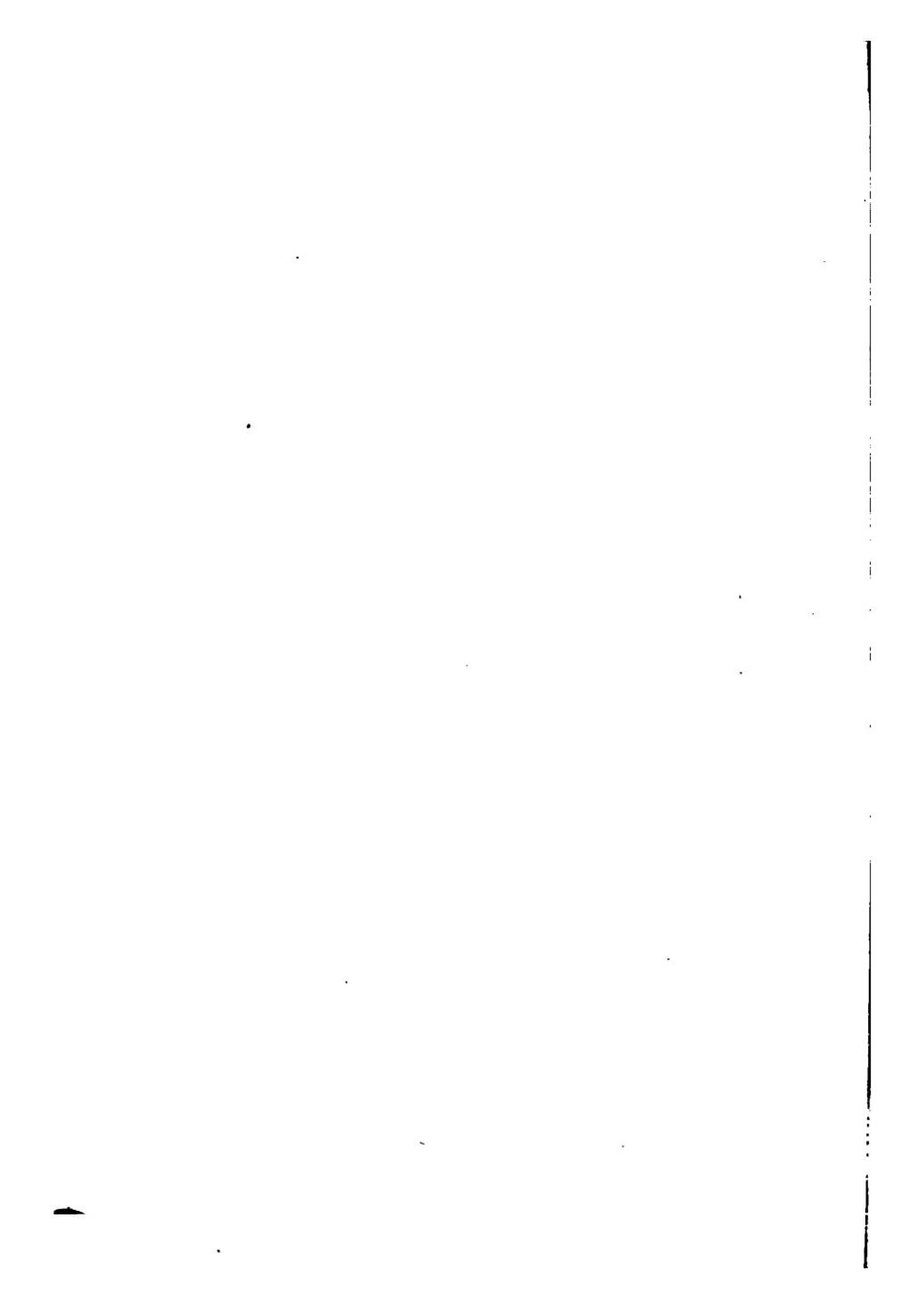
All things above were bright and fair,  
All things were glad and free;  
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,  
And wild birds filled the echoing air  
With songs of Liberty!

*The Slave in the Dismal Swamp*

APRIL THIRTIETH

Down goes the sun  
But the soul of one,  
Who by repentance  
Has escaped the dreadful sentence,  
Shines bright below me as I look.

*The Golden Legend*



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## MAY

### MAY FIRST

THE sun is bright,—the air is clear,  
The darting swallows soar and sing,  
And from the stately elms I hear  
    The bluebird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky,  
Where waiting till the west wind blows,  
    The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

*It is not always May*

### MAY SECOND

All things are new;—the buds, the leaves,  
That gild the elm tree's nodding crest,  
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—  
    There are no birds in last year's nest !

*It is not always May*

### MAY THIRD

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,  
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee,  
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud  
    Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;

And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,  
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,  
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said :  
“Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread !”

*The Birds of Killingworth*

#### MAY FOURTH

Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small ;  
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,  
But enemies enough, who every one  
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

*The Birds of Killingworth*

#### MAY FIFTH

When they had ended, from his place apart,  
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,  
And, trembling like a steed before the start,  
Looked round bewildered on the expectant  
throng.

*The Birds of Killingworth*

#### MAY SIXTH

You slay them all ! and wherefore ? for the gain  
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat . . .  
Or a few cherries that are not as sweet  
As are the songs these uninvited guests  
Sing at their feast.

*The Birds of Killingworth*

## MAY SEVENTH

Think, every morning when the sun peeps  
through

The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,  
How jubilant the happy birds renew

Their old, melodious madrigals of love !  
And when you think of this, remember too  
'T is always morning somewhere, and above  
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,  
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

*The Birds of Killingworth*

## MAY EIGHTH

You call them thieves and pillagers ; but know  
They are the winged wardens of your farms,  
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,  
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms ;  
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,  
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,  
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,  
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

*The Birds of Killingworth*

## MAY NINTH

How can I teach your children gentleness,  
And mercy to the weak, and reverence  
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,  
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,

Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less  
The selfsame light, although averted hence,  
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,  
You contradict the very things I teach ?

*The Birds of Killingworth*

MAY TENTH

“Let no hand the bird molest,”  
Said he solemnly, “nor hurt her!”  
Adding then, by way of jest,  
“Golondrina is my guest,  
‘T is the wife of some deserter !”

So unharmed and unafraid  
Sat the swallow still and brooded,  
Till the constant cannonade  
Through the walls a breach had made,  
And the siege was thus concluded.

*The Emperor’s Bird’s Nest*

MAY ELEVENTH

Then the army, elsewhere bent,  
Struck its tents as if disbanding,  
Only not the Emperor’s tent,  
For he ordered, ere he went,  
Very curly, “Leave it standing !”

So it stood there all alone,  
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,  
Till the brood was fledged and flown,  
Singing o'er those walls of stone  
Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

*The Emperor's Bird's Nest*

#### MAY TWELFTH

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered  
Birds and blossoms many-numbered ;—  
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

*Maidenhood*

#### MAY THIRTEENTH

From the sky the sun benignant  
Looked upon them through the branches,  
Saying to them, “O my children,  
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,  
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,  
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!”

*The Song of Hiawatha*

#### MAY FOURTEENTH

From the sky the moon looked at them,  
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,  
Whispered to them, "O my children,  
Day is restless, night is quiet,  
Man imperious, woman feeble;  
Half is mine, although I follow;  
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

*The Song of Hiawatha*

#### MAY FIFTEENTH

Now to the sunset  
Again hast thou brought us;  
And, seeing the evening  
Twilight, we bless thee,  
Praise thee, adore thee!

Father omnipotent!  
Son, the Life-giver!  
Spirit, the Comforter!  
Worthy at all times  
Of worship and wonder!

*The Golden Legend*

#### MAY SIXTEENTH

Have pity, Lord! let penitence  
Atone for disobedience,  
Nor let the fruit of man's offence  
Be endless misery!

*The Golden Legend*

#### MAY SEVENTEENTH

And forever and forever,  
As long as the river flows,  
As long as the heart has passions,  
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection  
And its shadows shall appear,  
As the symbol of love in heaven,  
And its wavering image here.

*The Bridge*

#### MAY EIGHTEENTH

It is the sea, it is the sea,  
In all its vague immensity,  
Fading and darkening in the distance!  
Silent, majestical, and slow,  
The white ships haunt it to and fro.

*The Golden Legend*

#### MAY NINETEENTH

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoor-will sounded  
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,  
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.  
“Patience!” whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;  
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,  
“To-morrow!”

*Evangeline*

## MAY TWENTIETH

Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father ;  
Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection ;  
Fear is the virtue of slaves ; but the heart that loveth is willing ;  
Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.

*The Children of the Lord's Supper*

## MAY TWENTY-FIRST

Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren ;  
One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.  
Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead ?  
Readest thou not in his face thine origin ? Is he not sailing  
Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided  
By the same stars that guide thee ?

*The Children of the Lord's Supper*

## MAY TWENTY-SECOND

Why shouldst thou hate then thy brother?  
Hateth he thee, forgive! For 't is sweet to stammer one letter  
Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is called  
Forgiveness!  
Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown  
of thorns round his temples?

*The Children of the Lord's Supper*

## MAY TWENTY-THIRD

Spurn me, and smite me on each cheek;  
No violence can harm the meek,  
There is no wound Christ cannot heal!

*The Golden Legend*

## MAY TWENTY-FOURTH

He preached to all men everywhere  
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,  
The New Commandment given to men,  
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,  
Would help us in our utmost need.

*The Wayside Inn*

## MAY TWENTY-FIFTH

With reverent feet the earth he trod,  
Nor banished nature from his plan,  
But studied still with deep research  
To build the Universal Church,  
Lofty as is the love of God,  
And ample as the wants of man.

*The Wayside Inn*

### MAY TWENTY-SIXTH

How slowly through the lilac-scented air  
Descends the tranquil moon ! Like thistle-down  
The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky ;  
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade  
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.

*The Spanish Student*

### MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,  
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For O ! it is not always May !

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,  
To some good angel leave the rest,  
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,  
There are no birds in last year's nest !

*It is not always May*

### MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her  
cap crowned with roses,  
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the  
wind and the brooklet  
Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace ! with  
lips rosy-tinted  
Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on  
balancing branches  
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to  
the Highest.

*The Children of the Lord's Supper*

### MAY TWENTY-NINTH

He gave us the horses and the carts,  
And the great oxen in the stall,  
The vineyard, and the forest range !

*The Golden Legend*

### MAY THIRTIETH

Maiden ! with the meek, brown eyes  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

*Maidenhood*

### MAY THIRTY-FIRST

O, thou child of many prayers !  
Life hath quicksands, — Life hath snares !  
Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

*Maidenhood*



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## JUNE

### JUNE FIRST

If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows, that thou wouldest forget,  
If thou wouldest read a lesson, that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

*Sunrise on the Hills*

### JUNE SECOND

There is a quiet spirit in these woods,  
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows;  
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,  
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,  
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.

*The Spirit of Poetry*

### JUNE THIRD

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings  
The Spring, clothed like a bride,  
When nestling buds unfold their wings,  
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,  
Musing upon many things,  
I sought the woodlands wide.

*Prelude*

#### JUNE FOURTH

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

*Flowers*

#### JUNE FIFTH

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things.  
  
And with childlike, credulous affection  
We behold their tender buds expand ;  
Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land.

*Flowers*

#### JUNE SIXTH

O gift of God ! O perfect day :  
Whereon shall no man work, but play ;  
Whereon it is enough for me,  
Not to be doing, but to be !

*A Day of Sunshine*

#### JUNE SEVENTH

Through every fibre of my brain,  
Through every nerve, through every vein,  
I feel the electric thrill, the touch  
Of life, that seems almost too much.

*A Day of Sunshine*

## JUNE EIGHTH

I hear the wind among the trees  
Playing celestial symphonies ;  
I see the branches downward bent,  
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high  
The splendid scenery of the sky,  
Where through a sapphire sea the sun  
Sails like a golden galleon.

*A Day of Sunshine*

## JUNE NINTH

Bright rose the sun next day ; and all the flowers  
of the garden  
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and an-  
ointed his tresses  
With the delicious balm that they bore in their  
vases of crystal.

*Evangeline*

## JUNE TENTH

Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful  
Fortune  
Kneels down before the Eternal's throne ; and,  
with hands interfolded,  
Praises thankful and moved the only giver of  
blessings.

Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that  
comes not from Heaven?  
What has mankind forsooth, the poor ! that it has  
not received ?  
Therefore, fall in the dust and pray !

*The Children of the Lord's Supper*

#### JUNE ELEVENTH

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,  
And they change into flowers in his hands,  
Into garlands of purple and red ;  
And beneath the great arch of the portal,  
Through the streets of the City Immortal  
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

*Sandalphon*

#### JUNE TWELFTH

From the spirits on earth that adore,  
From the souls that entreat and implore  
In the fervor and passion of prayer ;  
From the hearts that are broken with losses,  
And weary with dragging the crosses  
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

*Sandalphon*

#### JUNE THIRTEENTH

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,  
God hath written in those stars above ;  
But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
Stands the revelation of his love.

*Flowers*

### JUNE FOURTEENTH

Beneath some patriarchal tree  
I lay upon the ground ;  
His hoary arms uplifted he,  
And all the broad leaves over me  
Clapped their little hands in glee,  
With one continuous sound.

*Prelude*

### JUNE FIFTEENTH

And dreams of that which cannot die,  
Bright visions, came to me,  
As lapsed in thought I used to lie,  
And gaze into the summer sky,  
Where the sailing clouds went by,  
Like ships upon the sea.

*Prelude*

### JUNE SIXTEENTH

O Life and Love ! O happy throng  
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song !  
O heart of man ! canst thou not be  
Blithe as the air is, and as free ?

*A Day of Sunshine*

### JUNE SEVENTEENTH

As pleasant songs, at morning sung,  
The words that dropped from his sweet tongue  
Strengthened our hearts ; or, heard at night,  
Made all our slumbers soft and light.

*The Golden Legend*

### JUNE EIGHTEENTH

A man of such a genial mood -  
The heart of all things he embraced,  
And yet of such fastidious taste,  
He never found the best too good.

*The Wayside Inn*

### JUNE NINETEENTH

The green trees whispered low and mild,  
It was a sound of joy !  
They were my playmates when a child,  
And rocked me in their arms so wild !  
Still they looked at me and smiled,  
As if I were a boy.

*Prelude*

### JUNE TWENTIETH

And, falling on my weary brain,  
Like a fast-falling shower,  
The dreams of youth came back again,  
Low lispings of the summer rain,  
Dropping on the ripened grain,  
As once upon the flower.

*Prelude*

### JUNE TWENTY-FIRST

In this false world, we do not always know  
Who are our friends and who our enemies.  
We all have enemies, and all need friends.

*The Spanish Student*

### JUNE TWENTY-SECOND

Honor and blessings on his head  
While living, good report when dead,  
Who, not too eager for renown,  
Accepts, but does not clutch, the crown !

*The Wayside Inn*

### JUNE TWENTY-THIRD

Something there was in her life incomplete, im-  
perfect, unfinished ;  
As if a morning of June, with all its music and  
sunshine,  
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly  
descended  
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

*Evangeline*

### JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and  
the sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied  
longing,  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of  
patience !  
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to  
her bosom,  
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,  
“Father, I thank thee !”

*Evangeline*

### JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH

Still stands the forest primeval ; but far away from  
its shadow,  
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers  
are sleeping.  
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic  
church-yard,  
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and  
unnoticed.  
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside  
them,  
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are  
at rest and forever,  
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer  
are busy,  
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have  
ceased from their labors,  
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have com-  
pleted their journey !

*Evangeline*

### JUNE TWENTY-SIXTH

Alas ! we are but eddies of dust,  
Uplifted by the blast, and whirled  
Along the highway of the world  
A moment only, then to fall  
Back to a common level all,  
At the subsiding of the gust !

*The Spanish Student*

Yet why should I fear death ! What is it to die ?  
To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,  
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,  
All ignominy, suffering, and despair,  
And be at rest forever ! O dull heart,  
Be of good cheer ! When thou shalt cease to beat,  
Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain !

*The Spanish Student*

#### JUNE TWENTY-SEVENTH

“Blessed be God ! for he created Death !”  
The mourners said, “and Death is rest and  
peace ; ”  
Then added, in the certainty of faith,  
“And giveth Life that nevermore shall cease.”

*The Jewish Cemetery at Newport*

#### JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH

The thought of my short-comings in this life  
Falls like a shadow on the life to come.

*The Golden Legend*

#### JUNE TWENTY-NINTH

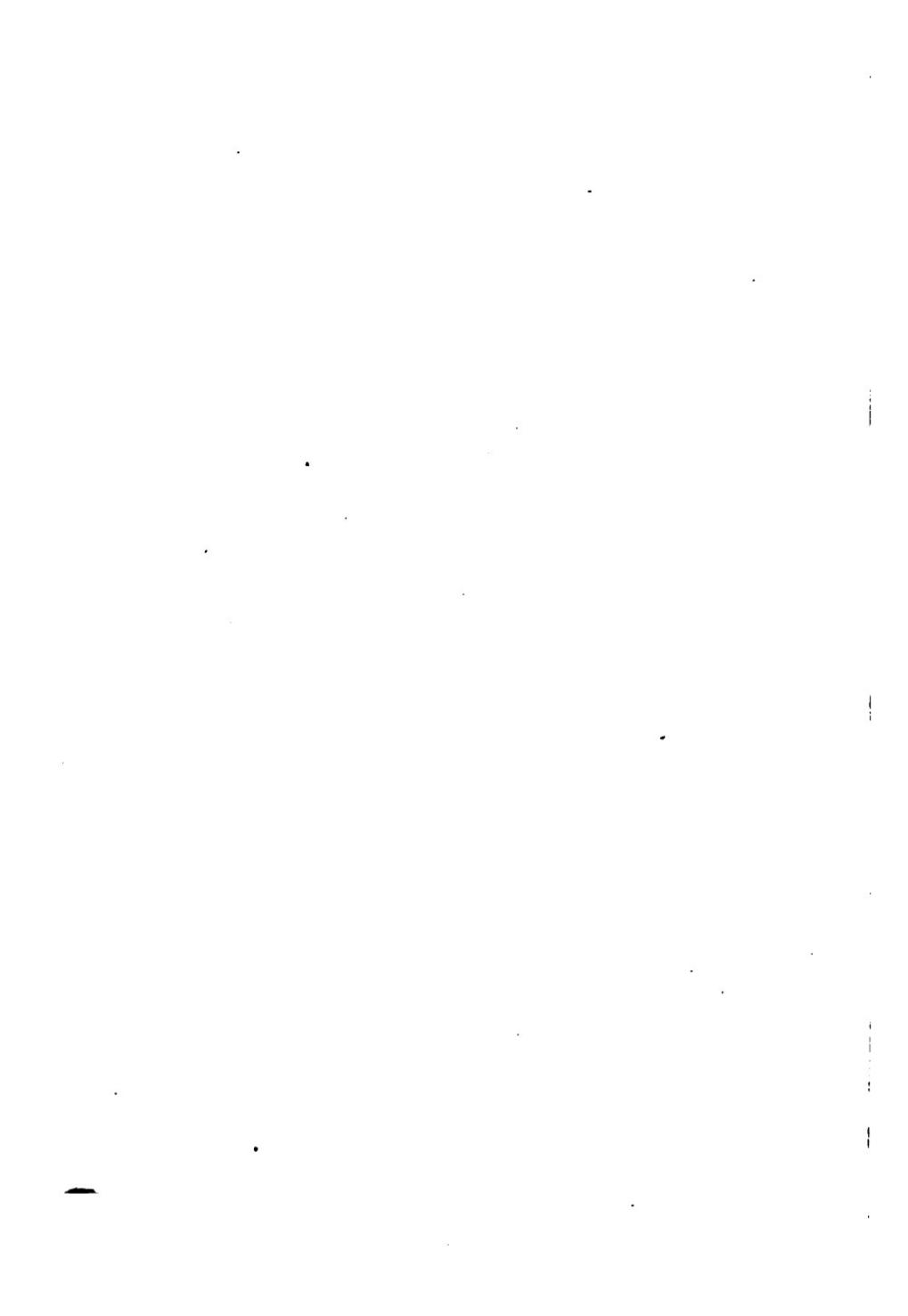
Man-like is it to fall into sin,  
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,  
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,  
God-like is it all sin to leave.

*Poetic Aphorisms*

#### JUNE THIRTIETH

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined ;  
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

*Poetic Aphorisms*



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## JULY

### JULY FIRST

UNDER him lay the golden moss ;  
And above him the boughs of hemlock-trees  
Waved, and made the sign of the cross,  
And whispered their Benedicites ;  
And from the ground  
Rose an odor sweet and fragrant  
Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant  
Vines that wandered,  
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

*The Golden Legend*

### JULY SECOND

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill  
The world ; and, in these wayward days of youth,  
My busy fancy oft embodies it,  
As a bright image of the light and beauty  
That dwell in nature,—of the heavenly forms  
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues  
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the  
clouds  
When the sun sets.

*The Spirit of Poetry*

### JULY THIRD

Why then are you not contented?  
Why then will you hunt each other?  
I am weary of your quarrels,  
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,  
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,  
Of your wranglings and dissensions;  
All your strength is in your union,  
All your danger is in discord;  
Therefore be at peace henceforward,  
And as brothers live together.

*The Song of Hiawatha*

### JULY FOURTH

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

*The Arsenal at Springfield*

### JULY FIFTH

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then  
cease;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,  
“Peace!”

*The Arsenal at Springfield*

## JULY SIXTH

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

*The Arsenal at Springfield*

## JULY SEVENTH

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,  
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;  
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,  
And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will ;  
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer  
In Summer on some Adirondac hill ;  
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,  
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

*The Birds of Killingworth*

## JULY EIGHTH

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead ;  
The days were like hot coals ; the very ground  
Was burned to ashes ; in the orchards fed  
Myriads of caterpillars, and around  
The cultivated fields and garden beds  
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found  
No foe to check their march, till they had made  
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

*The Birds of Killingworth*

### JULY NINTH

The farmers grew impatient, but a few  
Confessed their error, and would not complain,  
(For after all the best thing one can do  
When it is raining is to let it rain.)  
Then they repealed the law although they knew  
It would not call the dead to life again.

*The Birds of Killingworth*

### JULY TENTH

Then the little Hiawatha  
Learned of every bird its language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How they built their nests in Summer,  
Where they hid themselves in Winter,  
Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How the beavers built their lodges,  
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,  
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,  
Why the rabbit was so timid,  
Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

*The Song of Hiawatha*

### JULY ELEVENTH

Forth into the forest straightway  
All alone walked Hiawatha  
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;  
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,  
“Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!”  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
“Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!”

*The Song of Hiawatha*

### JULY TWELFTH

When Christ ascended  
Triumphantly, from star to star,  
He left the gates of heaven ajar.  
I had a vision in the night,  
And saw him standing at the door  
Of his Father's mansion, vast and splendid,  
And beckoning to me from afar.

*The Golden Legend*

### JULY THIRTEENTH

As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman:  
Though she bends him, she obeys him,  
Though she draws him, yet she follows,  
Useless each without the other!

*The Song of Hiawatha*

### JULY FOURTEENTH

Sail forth into the sea of life,  
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
And safe from all adversity  
Upon the bosom of that sea  
Thy comings and thy goings be !  
For gentleness and love and trust  
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust ;  
And in the wreck of noble lives  
Something immortal still survives !

*The Building of the Ship*

### JULY FIFTEENTH

Like unto ships far off at sea,  
Outward or homeward bound, are we.  
Before, behind, and all around,  
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,  
Seems at its distant rim to rise  
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,  
And then again to turn and sink,  
As if we could slide from its outer brink.  
Ah ! it is not the sea,  
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,  
But ourselves  
That rock and rise  
With endless and uneasy motion,  
Now touching the very skies,  
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.

*The Building of the Ship*

### JULY SIXTEENTH

For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with materials filled ;  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;  
Leave no yawning gaps between ;  
Think not, because no man sees,  
Such things will remain unseen.

*The Builders*

### JULY SEVENTEENTH

In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part ;  
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen and the seen ;  
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,  
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

*The Builders*

### JULY EIGHTEENTH

The day is done ; and slowly from the scene  
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,  
And puts them back into his golden quiver !  
Below me in the valley, deep and green  
As goblets are, from which in thirsty draughts

We drink its wine, the swift and mantling river  
Flows on triumphant through these lovely regions,  
Etched with the shadows of its sombre margent,  
And soft, reflected clouds of gold and argent !

*The Golden Legend*

#### JULY NINETEENTH

How beautiful it is ! Fresh fields of wheat,  
Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering  
flag,  
The consecrated chapel on the crag,  
And the white hamlet gathered round its base,  
Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet,  
And looking up at his beloved face !  
O friend ! O best of friends ! Thy absence more  
Than the impending night darkens the landscape  
o'er !

*The Golden Legend*

#### JULY TWENTIETH

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way ;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

*A Psalm of Life*

## JULY TWENTY-FIRST

The evening air grows dusk and brown;  
I must go forth into the town,  
To visit beds of pain and death,  
Of restless limbs, and quivering breath,  
And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes  
That see, through tears, the sun go down,  
But nevermore shall see it rise.  
The poor in body and estate,  
The sick and the disconsolate,  
Must not on man's convenience wait.

*The Golden Legend*

## JULY TWENTY-SECOND

Never stoops the soaring vulture  
On his quarry in the desert,  
On the sick or wounded bison,  
But another vulture, watching  
From his high aerial look-out,  
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;  
And a third pursues the second,  
Coming from the invisible ether,  
First a speck, and then a vulture,  
Till the air is dark with pinions.

*The Song of Hiawatha*

### JULY TWENTY-THIRD

So disasters come not singly ;  
But as if they watched and waited,  
Scanning one another's motions,  
When the first descends, the others  
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise  
Round their victim, sick and wounded,  
First a shadow, then a sorrow,  
Till the air is dark with anguish.

*The Song of Hiawatha*

### JULY TWENTY-FOURTH

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

*Resignation*

### JULY TWENTY-FIFTH

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;  
Amid these earthly damps,  
What seem to us but sad, funeral tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

*Resignation*

### JULY TWENTY-SIXTH

We have no title-deeds to house or lands ;  
Owners and occupants of earlier dates  
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,  
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

*Haunted Houses*

### JULY TWENTY-SEVENTH

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,  
Along the passages they come and go,  
Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to and fro.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear ;  
He but perceives what is ; while unto me  
All that has been is visible and clear.

*Haunted Houses*

### JULY TWENTY-EIGHTH

They come, the shapes of joy and woe,  
The airy crowds of long ago,  
The dreams and fancies known of yore,  
That have been, and shall be no more.  
They change the cloisters of the night  
Into a garden of delight ;  
They make the dark and dreary hours  
Open and blossom into flowers !

*The Golden Legend*

### JULY TWENTY-NINTH

Alas ! our memories may retrace  
Each circumstance of time and place,  
Season and scene come back again,  
And outward things unchanged remain ;

The rest we cannot reinstate;  
Ourselves we cannot re-create,  
Nor set our souls to the same key  
Of the remembered harmony!

*The Golden Legend*

#### JULY THIRTIETH

Air,—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,  
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,  
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,  
And no walls but the far-off mountain tops.  
Then I am free and strong,—once more myself.

*The Spanish Student*

#### JULY THIRTY-FIRST

How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast  
trod the green turf of the prairies?  
How canst thou breathe in this air, who hast  
breathed the sweet air of the mountains?

*To the Driving Cloud*

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## AUGUST

### AUGUST FIRST

**T**O One alone my thoughts arise,  
The Eternal Truth,—the Good and Wise,—  
To Him I cry,  
Who shared on earth our common lot,  
But the world comprehended not  
His deity.

*Coplas de Manrique*

### AUGUST SECOND

Lo ! where the crucified Christ from his cross is  
gazing upon you !  
See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and  
holy compassion !  
Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, “O  
Father, forgive them !”  
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the  
wicked assail us,  
Let us repeat it now, and say, “O Father, forgive  
them !”

*The Children of the Lord's Supper*

### AUGUST THIRD

Paul and Silas, in their prison,  
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,  
And an earthquake's arm of might  
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel  
Brings the Slave this glad evangel?  
And what earthquake's arm of might  
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

*The Slave Singing at Midnight*

### AUGUST FOURTH

The dawn is not distant,  
Nor is the night starless;  
Love is eternal!  
God is still God, and  
His faith shall not fail us;  
Christ is eternal!

*The Saga of King Olaf*

### AUGUST FIFTH

Nothing useless is, or low;  
Each thing in its place is best;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest.

*The Builders*

## AUGUST SIXTH

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they  
grind exceeding small,  
Though with patience he stands waiting, with  
exactness grinds he all.

*Poetic Aphorisms*

## AUGUST SEVENTH

What I most prize in woman  
Is her affections, not her intellect !  
The intellect is finite; but the affections  
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.

*The Spanish Student*

## AUGUST EIGHTH

But if thou lovest,—mark me ! I say lovest,  
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not !  
The world of the affections is thy world,  
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness  
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,  
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,  
Feeding its flame.

*The Spanish Student*

## AUGUST NINTH

Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,  
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp  
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian ;  
Hanging our gloomy prison-house about  
With tapestries, that make its walls dilate  
In never ending vistas of delight.

*The Spanish Student*

### AUGUST TENTH

Disenchantment ! Disillusion !

Must each noble aspiration  
Come at last to this conclusion,  
Jarring discord, wild confusion,  
Lassitude, renunciation ?

*Epimetheus*

### AUGUST ELEVENTH

Why seek to know ?

Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth !  
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,  
Nor strive to look beneath it.

*The Spanish Student*

### AUGUST TWELFTH

Good night ! Good night, beloved !

I come to watch o'er thee !

To be near thee,—to be near thee,  
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,

Thy lips are crimson flowers !

Good night ! Good night, beloved,  
While I count the weary hours.

*The Spanish Student*

## AUGUST THIRTEENTH

And when the eve is born,  
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,  
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,  
And twinkles many a star.

*An April Day*

## AUGUST FOURTEENTH

'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;  
All the wild-flowers of the forest,  
All the lilies of the prairie,  
When on earth they fade and perish,  
Blossom in that heaven above us.

*The Song of Hiawatha*

## AUGUST FIFTEENTH

Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,  
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies  
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!

*Dante*

## AUGUST SIXTEENTH

Long was the good man's sermon,  
Yet it seemed not so to me;  
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,  
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,  
Yet it seemed not so to me;  
For in my heart I prayed with him,  
And still I thought of thee.

*A Gleam of Sunshine*

### AUGUST SEVENTEENTH

Come to me, O ye children !  
For I hear you at your play,  
And the questions that perplexed me  
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,  
That look towards the sun,  
Where thoughts are singing swallows,  
And the brooks of morning run.

*Children*

### AUGUST EIGHTEENTH

What the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children ;  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.

*Children*

### AUGUST NINETEENTH

The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

*The Day is Done*

### AUGUST TWENTIETH

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,  
That my soul cannot resist:  
  
A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

*The Day is Done*

### AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

*The Day is Done*

### AUGUST TWENTY-SECOND

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,  
Who have faith in God and Nature,  
Who believe, that in all ages  
Every human heart is human,  
That in even savage bosoms  
There are longings, yearnings, strivings  
For the good they comprehend not,  
That the feeble hands and helpless,  
Groping blindly in the darkness,  
Touch God's right hand in that darkness  
And are lifted up and strengthened;—

Listen to this simple story,  
To this Song of Hiawatha!

*The Song of Hiawatha*

AUGUST TWENTY-THIRD

There he sang of Hiawatha,  
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,  
Sang his wondrous birth and being,  
How he prayed and how he fasted,  
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,  
That the tribes of men might prosper,  
That he might advance his people!

*The Song of Hiawatha*

AUGUST TWENTY-FOURTH

Hast thou e'er reflected  
How much lies hidden in that one word, *now?*?  
Yes; all the awful mystery of Life !

*The Spanish Student*

AUGUST TWENTY-FIFTH

But that one deed of charity I'll do,  
Befall what may ; they cannot take that from me.

*The Spanish Student*

AUGUST TWENTY-SIXTH

Go, sin no more ! Thy penance o'er,  
A new and better life begin !  
God maketh thee forever free  
From the dominion of thy sin !

Go, sin no more! He will restore  
The peace that filled thy heart before,  
And pardon thine iniquity!

*The Golden Legend*

#### AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH

I stand without here in the porch,  
I hear the bell's melodious din,  
I hear the organ peal within,  
I hear the prayer, with words that scorch  
Like sparks from an inverted torch,  
I hear the sermon upon sin,  
With threatenings of the last account.  
And all, translated in the air,  
Reach me but as our dear Lord's Prayer,  
And as the Sermon on the Mount.

*Interlude*

#### AUGUST TWENTY-EIGHTH

The reign of violence is o'er  
Or dying surely from the world ;  
While Love triumphant reigns instead,  
And in a brighter sky o'erhead  
His blessed banners are unfurled.  
And most of all thank God for this :  
The war and waste of clashing creeds  
Now end in words, and not in deeds,  
And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,  
For thoughts that men call heresies.

*Interlude*

## AUGUST TWENTY-NINTH

And he rushed into the wigwam,  
Saw the old Nokomis slowly  
Rocking to and fro and moaning,  
Saw his lovely Minnehaha  
Lying dead and cold before him,  
And his bursting heart within him  
Uttered such a cry of anguish,  
That the forest moaned and shuddered,  
That the very stars in heaven  
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

*The Song of Hiawatha*

## AUGUST THIRTIETH

“Farewell!” said he, “Minnehaha!  
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!  
All my heart is buried with you,  
All my thoughts go onward with you!  
Come not back again to labor,  
Come not back again to suffer,  
Where the Famine and the Fever  
Wear the heart and waste the body.  
Soon my task will be completed,  
Soon your footsteps I shall follow  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the Land of the Hereafter!”

*The Song of Hiawatha*

AUGUST THIRTY-FIRST

And the evening sun descending  
Set the clouds on fire with redness,  
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,  
Left upon the level water  
One long track and trail of splendor,  
Down whose stream, as down a river,  
Westward, westward Hiawatha  
Sailed into the fiery sunset,  
Sailed into the purple vapors,  
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

*The Song of Hiawatha*



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## SEPTEMBER

### SEPTEMBER FIRST

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land  
of the Pilgrims,  
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive  
dwelling,  
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan  
leather,  
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.  
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and  
athletic,  
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron ;  
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard  
was already  
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes  
in November.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

### SEPTEMBER SECOND

Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of  
Plymouth,  
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words  
but of actions,  
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart  
of a soldier.

Not in these words, you know, but this in short  
is my meaning ;  
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

#### SEPTEMBER THIRD

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired taciturn stripling,  
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed,  
bewildered,  
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject  
with lightness,  
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand  
still in his bosom,  
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken  
by lightning,  
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered :  
“Such a message as that I am sure I should mangle and mar it ;  
If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating your maxim,—  
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to  
others !”

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

#### SEPTEMBER FOURTH

Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth :  
“Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it ;

But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.

Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.

I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,

But march up to a woman with such a proposal,  
I dare not.

I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth  
of a cannon,

But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,

That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!"

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

#### SEPTEMBER FIFTH

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,

Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,

Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building

Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,

Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

### SEPTEMBER SIXTH

All around him was calm, but within him com-  
motion and conflict,  
Love contending with friendship, and self with  
each generous impulse.  
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heav-  
ing and dashing,  
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the  
vessel,  
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the  
ocean !  
“Must I relinquish it all,” he cried with a wild  
lamentation,  
“Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the  
illusion ?  
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and wor-  
shipped in silence ?  
Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and  
the shadow  
Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New  
England ?”

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

### SEPTEMBER SEVENTH

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went  
on his errand ;  
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled  
over pebble and shallow,  
Gathering still, as he went, the Mayflowers bloom-  
ing around him,

Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,  
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.  
“Puritan flowers,” he said, “and the type of Puritan maidens,  
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!  
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth,  
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them.”

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

#### SEPTEMBER EIGHTH

Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,  
“Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards;  
Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,  
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearts of the living,  
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!”

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

#### SEPTEMBER NINTH

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,  
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,

Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,  
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak  
for yourself, John?"

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

#### SEPTEMBER TENTH

That is the way with you men ; you don't understand us, you cannot.  
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,  
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,  
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,  
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman  
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,  
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.  
This is not right nor just : for surely a woman's affection  
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

#### SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH

For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,  
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble

Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its  
secret,  
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

#### SEPTEMBER TWELFTH

Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of  
women  
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the  
household.  
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows re-  
joiced at his coming;  
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the  
mountains;  
Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at  
anchor,  
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms  
of the winter.  
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flap-  
ping her canvas,  
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands  
of the sailors.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

#### SEPTEMBER THIRTEENTH

There with his boat was the Master, already a lit-  
tle impatient  
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might  
shift to the eastward,

Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of  
ocean about him,  
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming  
letters and parcels  
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled  
together  
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly  
bewildered.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

#### SEPTEMBER FOURTEENTH

Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed  
on the gunwale,  
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times  
with the sailors,  
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager  
for starting.  
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to  
his anguish,  
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than  
keel is or canvas,  
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that  
would rise and pursue him.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

#### SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH

But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form  
of Priscilla  
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all  
that was passing.

Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,  
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,  
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,  
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.  
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts !  
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,  
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine !

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

#### SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

“There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,  
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.  
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence  
Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness ;  
Yes ! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,  
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving !”

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

### SEPTEMBER SEVENTEENTH

Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell  
of the Pilgrims.

O strong hearts and true! not one went back in  
the Mayflower!

No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to  
this ploughing!

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

### SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat  
for this planting,

Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a  
nation;

So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of  
the people!

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

### SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent  
of purple and scarlet,

Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his gar-  
ments resplendent,

Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his  
forehead,

Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and  
pomegranates.

Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor  
beneath him

Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his  
feet was a laver!

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

## SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.

Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also

Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,

One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of Heaven.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

## SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,

Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing

Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,

Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;

So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,

Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,

Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,

Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

#### SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth  
and of Boaz.

Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the  
words of betrothal,

Taking each other for husband and wife in the  
Magistrate's presence,

After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom  
of Holland.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

#### SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad  
in the sunshine,

Lay extended before them the land of toil and  
privation;

There were the graves of the dead, and the barren  
waste of the seashore,

There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and  
the meadows;

But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the  
Garden of Eden,

Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was  
the sound of the ocean.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

#### SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Down through the golden leaves the sun was pour-  
ing his splendors,

Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches  
above them suspended,

Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of  
the pine and the fir-tree,  
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the  
valley of Eshcol.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

#### SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral  
ages,  
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling  
Rebecca and Isaac,  
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful  
always,  
Love immortal and young in the endless succe-  
sion of lovers.  
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward  
the bridal procession.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

#### SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

The morrow was a bright September morn ;  
The earth was beautiful as if new-born ;  
There was that nameless splendor everywhere,  
That wild exhilaration in the air,  
Which makes the passers in the city street  
Congratulate each other as they meet.

*The Falcon of Ser Federigo*  
*(Tales of a Wayside Inn)*

### SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Through the closed blinds the golden sun  
Poured in a dusty beam,  
Like the celestial ladder seen  
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,  
Sweet-scented with the hay,  
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves  
That on the window lay.

*A Gleam of Sunshine*

### SEPTEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares, that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

*The Day is Done*

### SEPTEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

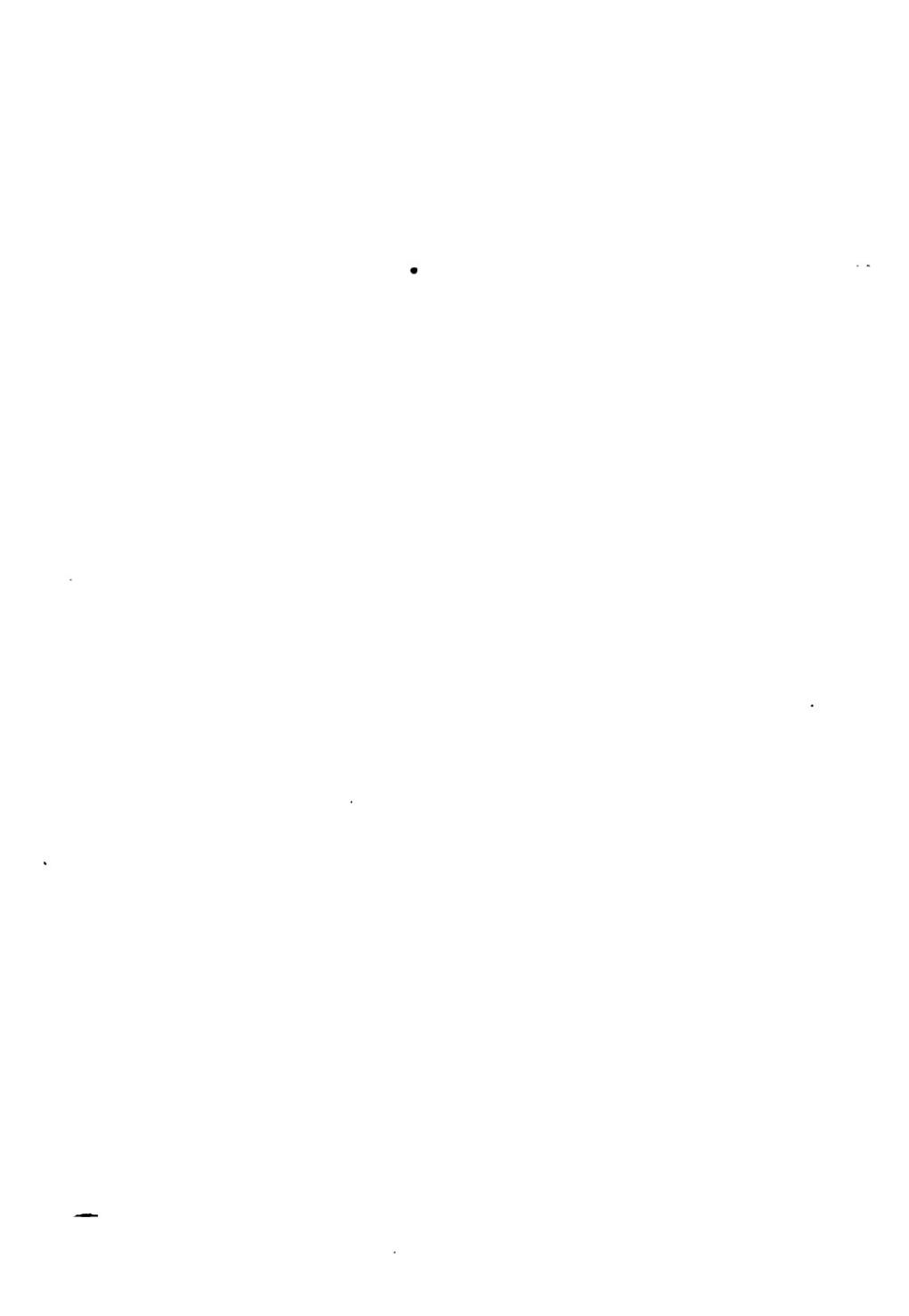
Big words do not smite like war-clubs,  
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,  
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,  
Deeds are better things than words are,  
Actions mightier than boastings!

*The Song of Hiawatha*

## SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH

You do not look on life and death as I do.  
There are two angels, that attend unseen  
Each one of us, and in great books record  
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down  
The good ones, after every action closes  
His volume, and ascends with it to God.  
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open  
Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,  
The record of the action fades away,  
And leaves a line of white across the page.

*The Golden Legend*



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## OCTOBER

### OCTOBER FIRST

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,  
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,  
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,  
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain !  
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,  
Upon thy bridge of gold ; thy royal hand  
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land.

*Autumn  
(Sonnets)*

### OCTOBER SECOND

Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain,  
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended  
So long beneath the heavens' o'erhanging eaves,  
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended ;  
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves ;  
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,  
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden  
leaves !

*Autumn  
(Sonnets)*

### OCTOBER THIRD

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

*The Rainy Day*

### OCTOBER FOURTH

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.

*The Rainy Day*

### OCTOBER FIFTH

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

*The Rainy Day*

### OCTOBER SIXTH

Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment  
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.

*The Birds of Killingworth*

## OCTOBER SEVENTH

And so the dreadful massacre began ;  
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland  
crests,  
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.  
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their  
breasts,  
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,  
While the young died of famine in their nests ;  
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,  
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds !

*The Birds of Killingworth*

## OCTOBER EIGHTH

Without the light of his majestic look,  
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,  
The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day book.  
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,  
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,  
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,  
Lamenting the dead children of the air !

*The Birds of Killingworth*

## OCTOBER NINTH

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now  
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,  
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,  
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,  
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.

*Autumn*  
(*Earlier Poems*)

### OCTOBER TENTH

Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,  
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales  
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,  
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life  
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,  
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,  
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down  
By the wayside a-weary.

*Autumn  
(Earlier Poems)*

### OCTOBER ELEVENTH

Yet in this age  
We need another Hildebrand, to shake  
And purify us like a mighty wind,  
The world is wicked, and sometimes I wonder  
God does not lose his patience with it wholly,  
And shatter it like glass!

*The Golden Legend*

### OCTOBER TWELFTH

Behold of what delusive worth  
The bubbles we pursue on earth,  
The shapes we chase,  
Amid a world of treachery !  
They vanish ere death shuts the eye  
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us,—chances strange,  
Disastrous accidents, and change,  
That come to all ;  
Even in the most exalted state,  
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate ;  
The strongest fall.

*Coplas de Manrique*

#### OCTOBER THIRTEENTH

Tell me,—the charms that lovers seek  
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,  
The hues that play  
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,  
When hoary age approaches slow,  
Ah, where are they ?

*Coplas de Manrique*

#### OCTOBER FOURTEENTH

Be noble in every thought  
And in every deed !  
Let not the illusion of thy senses  
Betray thee to deadly offences.  
Be strong ! be good ! be pure !  
The right only shall endure,  
All things else are but false pretences.

*The Golden Legend*

### OCTOBER FIFTEENTH

Ah ! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,  
Should be to wet the dusty soil  
With the hot tears and sweat of toil,—  
To struggle with imperious thought,  
Until the overburdened brain,  
Weary with labor, faint with pain,  
Like a jarred pendulum, retain  
Only its motion, not its power,—  
Remember, in that perilous hour,  
When most afflicted and oppressed,  
From labor there shall come forth rest.

*To a Child*

### OCTOBER SIXTEENTH

Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,  
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,  
As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,  
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's de-  
crease,  
And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,  
Thy voice along the cloister whispers, "Peace!"

*Dante*

### OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH

Slowly, slowly up the wall  
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade ;  
Evening damps begin to fall,  
Evening shadows are displayed.

Round me, o'er me, everywhere,  
All the sky is grand with clouds,  
And athwart the evening air  
Wheel the swallows home in crowds,  
Shafts of sunshine from the west  
Paint the dusky windows red ;  
Darker shadows, deeper rest,  
Underneath and overhead.

*The Golden Legend*

#### OCTOBER EIGHTEENTH

Darker, darker, and more wan,  
In my breast the shadows fall ;  
Upward steals the life of man,  
As the sunshine from the wall.  
From the wall into the sky,  
From the roof along the spire ;  
Ah, the souls of those that die  
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

*The Golden Legend*

#### OCTOBER NINETEENTH

In that hour of deep contrition,  
He beheld, with clearer vision,  
Through all outward show and fashion,  
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,  
Falsehood and deceit were banished,  
Reason spake more loud than passion,  
And the truth wore no disguise.

*The Norman Baron*

#### OCTOBER TWENTIETH

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,  
That strange and mystic scroll,  
That an army of phantoms vast and wan  
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,  
In Fancy's misty light,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
Portentous through the night.

*The Beleaguered City*

#### OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST

And, when the solemn and deep church-bell  
Entreats the soul to pray,  
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,  
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar  
The spectral camp is fled ;  
Faith shineth as a morning star,  
Our ghostly fears are dead.

*The Beleaguered City*

#### OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND

The night is silent, the wind is still,  
The moon is looking from yonder hill  
Down upon convent, and grove, and garden ;  
The clouds have passed away from her face,  
Leaving behind them no sorrowful trace,  
Only the tender and quiet grace  
Of one, whose heart has been healed with pardon.

*The Golden Legend*

#### OCTOBER TWENTY-THIRD

And such am I. My soul within  
Was dark with passion and soiled with sin.  
But now its wounds are healed again ;  
Gone are the anguish, the terror, and pain ;  
For across that desolate land of woe,  
O'er whose burning sands I was forced to go,  
A wind from heaven began to blow ;  
And all my being trembled and shook,  
As the leaves of the tree, or the grass of the field,  
And I was healed, as the sick are healed,  
When fanned by the leaves of the Holy Book !

*The Golden Legend*

#### OCTOBER TWENTY-FOURTH

God sent his Singers upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of men,  
And bring them back to heaven again.

*The Singers*

### OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Thy dress was like the lilies ;  
And thy heart as pure as they :  
One of God's holy messengers  
Did walk with me that day.

But now, alas ! the place seems changed ;  
Thou art no longer here :  
Part of the sunshine of the scene  
With thee did disappear.

*A Gleam of Sunshine*

### OCTOBER TWENTY-SIXTH

She is a precious jewel I have found  
Among the filth and rubbish of the world.  
I'll stoop for it ; but when I wear it here,  
Set on my forehead like the morning star,  
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

*The Spanish Student*

### OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

As thou sittest in the moonlight there,  
Its glory flooding thy golden hair,  
And the only darkness that which lies  
In the haunted chambers of thine eyes,  
I feel my soul drawn unto thee,  
Strangely, and strongly, and more and more,  
As to one I have known and loved before ;  
For every soul is akin to me  
That dwells in the land of mystery !

*The Golden Legend*

## OCTOBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

When the hours of Day are numbered,  
And the voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight;  
  
Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door ;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more.

*Footsteps of Angels*

## OCTOBER TWENTY-NINTH

It was Autumn, and incessant  
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,  
And, like living coals, the apples  
Burned among the withering leaves.

*Pegasus in Pound*

## OCTOBER THIRTIETH

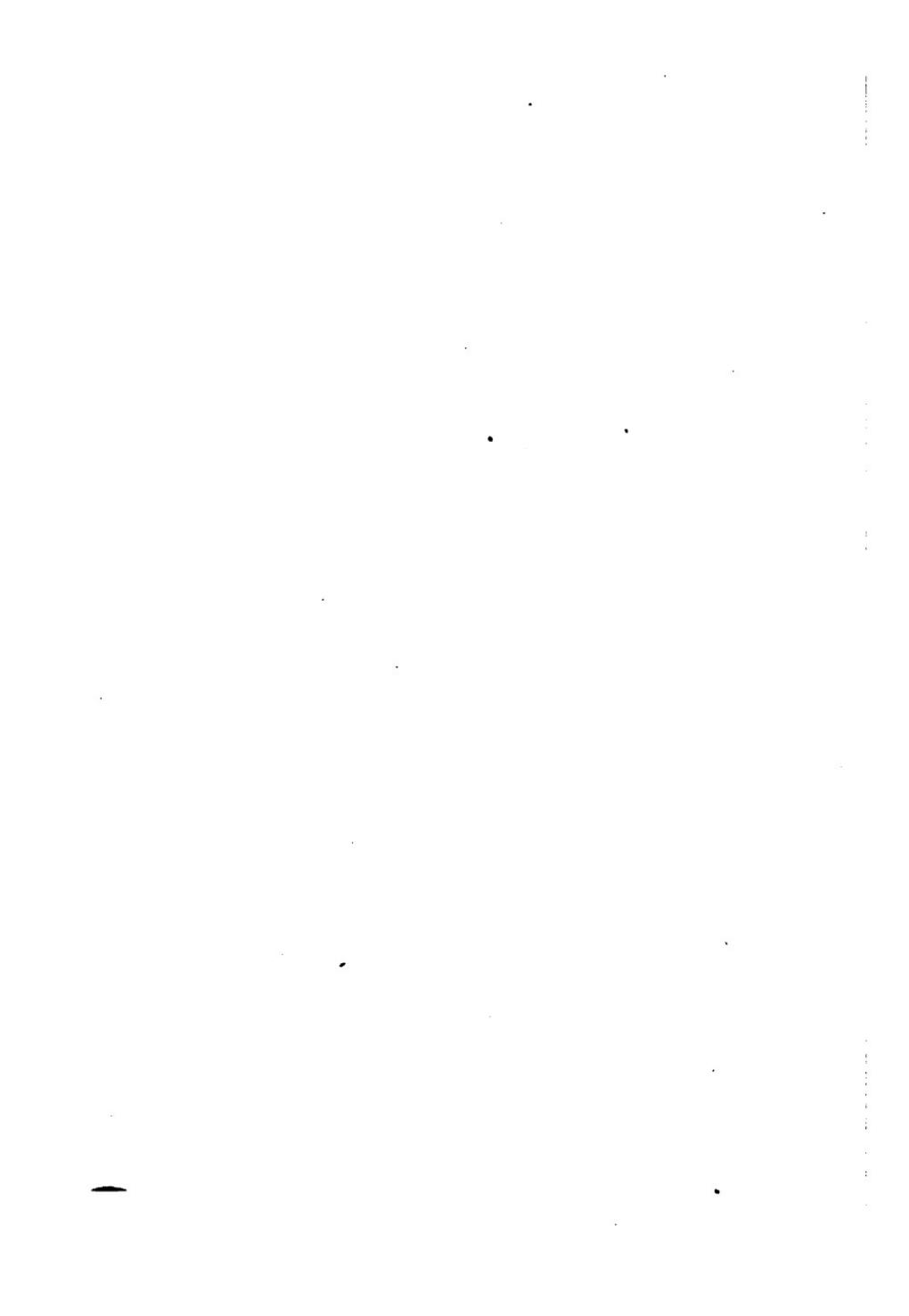
The purple finch,  
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,  
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,  
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud  
From cottage roofs the warbling bluebird sings.

*Autumn  
(Earlier Poems)*

## OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST

A sober gladness the old year takes up  
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,  
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

*Autumn  
(Earlier Poems)*



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## NOVEMBER

### NOVEMBER FIRST

O WHAT a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed, and days well spent!  
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves  
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teach-  
ings.  
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting-place without a tear.

*Autumn  
(Earlier Poems.)*

### NOVEMBER SECOND

Ye children, does Death e'er alarm you?  
Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he,  
and is only  
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips  
that are fading  
Takes he the soul and departs, and rocked in the  
arms of affection,  
Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face  
of its father.

*The Children of the Lord's Supper*

### NOVEMBER THIRD

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition.  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

*Resignation*

### NOVEMBER FOURTH

Earthly desires and sensual lust  
Are passions springing from the dust,—  
They fade and die ;  
But, in the life beyond the tomb,  
They seal the immortal spirit's doom  
Eternally !

*Coplas de Manrique*

### NOVEMBER FIFTH

Think of this, O Hiawatha !  
Speak of it to all the people,  
That henceforward and forever  
They no more with lamentations  
Sadden the souls of the departed  
In the Islands of the Blessed.

*The Song of Hiawatha*

### NOVEMBER SIXTH

Clear fount of light ! my native land on high  
Bright with a glory that shall never fade !  
Mansion of truth ! without a veil or shade,  
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.

There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,  
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath ;  
But, sentinelled in heaven, its glorious presence  
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.

*The Native Land*

#### NOVEMBER SEVENTH

Beloved country ! banished from thy shore,  
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,  
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee !  
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore  
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,  
That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

*The Native Land*

#### NOVEMBER EIGHTH

All houses wherein men have lived and died  
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors  
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,  
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

The spirit-world around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense  
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

*Haunted Houses*

### NOVEMBER NINTH

Our little lives are kept in equipoise  
By opposite attractions and desires;  
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,  
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar  
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,  
Come from the influence of an unseen star,  
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

*Haunted Houses*

### NOVEMBER TENTH

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud  
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,  
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd  
Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends  
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,  
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,  
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

*Haunted Houses*

### NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of  
the prairies,  
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking  
mimosa,

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings  
of evil,  
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom  
has attained it.

*Evangeline*

#### NOVEMBER TWELFTH

O gentle spirit ! Thou didst bear unmoved  
Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate !  
But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee  
Melts thee to tears ! O, let thy weary heart  
Lean upon mine ! and it shall faint no more,  
Nor thirst, nor hunger ; but be comforted  
And filled with my affection.

*The Spanish Student*

#### NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come  
snow,  
We will stand by each other, however it blow.  
  
Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain,  
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

*Annie of Tharaw*

#### NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,  
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains  
fall,—

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,  
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

*Annie of Tharaw*

### NOVEMBER FIFTEENTH

Ah, how skilful grows the hand  
That obeyeth Love's command !  
It is the heart, and not the brain,  
That to the highest doth attain,  
And he who followeth Love's behest  
Far exceedeth all the rest !

*The Building of the Ship*

### NOVEMBER SIXTEENTH

Alas ! the world is full of peril !  
The path that runs through the fairest meads,  
On the sunniest side of the valley, leads  
Into a region bleak and sterile !  
Alike in the high-born and the lowly,  
The will is feeble, and passion strong.  
We cannot sever right from wrong ;  
Some falsehood mingles with all truth ;  
Nor is it strange the heart of youth  
Should waver and comprehend but slowly  
The things that are holy and unholy !

*The Golden Legend*

### NOVEMBER SEVENTEENTH

Hereafter ?— And do you think to look  
On the terrible pages of that Book  
To find her failings, faults, and errors ?  
Ah, you will then have other cares,  
In your own short-comings and despairs,  
In your own secret sins and terrors !

*In the Churchyard at Cambridge*

## NOVEMBER EIGHTEENTH

It has been truly said by some wise man,  
That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden.

*The Spanish Student*

## NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

Come back ! ye friendships long departed !  
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,  
And now are dwindled, one by one,  
To stony channels in the sun !  
Come back ! ye friends, whose lives are ended !  
Come back, with all that light attended,  
Which seemed to darken and decay  
When ye arose and went away !

*The Golden Legend*

## NOVEMBER TWENTIETH

Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy ;  
For every tone, like some sweet incantation  
Calls up the buried past to plead for me.

*The Spanish Student*

## NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,  
Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of  
steel,  
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,  
And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,  
Till the vast Temple of our liberties  
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

*The Warning*

#### NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

All is but a symbol painted  
Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer ;  
Only those are crowned and sainted  
Who with grief have been acquainted,  
Making nations nobler, freer.

*Prometheus*

#### NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

God sent his messenger of faith,  
And whispered in the maiden's heart,  
“Rise up, and look from where thou art,  
And scatter with unselfish hands  
Thy freshness on the barren sands  
And solitudes of Death.”

*The Golden Legend*

#### NOVEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Whereunto is money good ?  
Who has it not wants hardihood,  
Who has it has much trouble and care,  
Who once has had it has despair.

*Poetic Aphorisms*

#### NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

That's what I always say ; if you wish a thing to  
be well done,  
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to  
others !

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*

## NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Christ to the young man said: "Yet one thing more:

If thou wouldst perfect be,  
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,  
And come and follow me!"

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,  
Those sacred words hath said,  
And his invisible hands to-day have been  
Laid on a young man's head.

*Hymn. "For my Brother's Ordination"*

## NOVEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

And evermore beside him on his way  
The unseen Christ shall move,  
That he may lean upon his arm and say,  
"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!  
Like the beloved John  
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,  
And thus to journey on!

*Hymn. "For my Brother's Ordination"*

## NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and  
doctrines three  
Extant are; but still the doubt is, where Christianity may be.

*Poetic Aphorisms*

NOVEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever  
round;  
If they have nothing else to grind, they must  
themselves be ground.

*Poetic Aphorisms*

NOVEMBER THIRTIETH

Joy and Temperance and Repose  
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

*Poetic Aphorisms*



## DECEMBER

### DECEMBER FIRST

LEAFLESS are the trees ; their purple branches  
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral,  
Rising silent  
In the Red Sea of the Winter sunset.

*The Golden Mile-Stone*

### DECEMBER SECOND

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-Stone ;  
Is the central point, from which he measures  
Every distance  
Through the gateways of the world around him.

*The Golden Mile-Stone*

### DECEMBER THIRD

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,  
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,  
Waiting, watching  
For a well-known footstep in the passage.  
  
We may build more splendid habitations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,  
But we cannot  
Buy with gold the old associations !

*The Golden Mile-Stone*

#### DECEMBER FOURTH

“When I shake my hoary tresses,”  
Said the old man, darkly frowning,  
“All the land with snow is covered;  
All the leaves from all the branches  
Fall and fade and die and wither,  
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.  
From the waters and the marshes  
Rise the wild goose and the heron,  
Fly away to distant regions,  
For I speak, and lo! they are not.”

*The Song of Hiawatha*

#### DECEMBER FIFTH

Cover the embers,  
And put out the light;  
Toil comes with the morning,  
And rest with the night.

*Curfew*

#### DECEMBER SIXTH

Our hearts are lamps forever burning,  
With a steady and unwavering flame,  
Pointing upward, forever the same,  
Steadily upward toward the Heaven !

*The Golden Legend*

### DECEMBER SEVENTH

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair!

*Resignation*

### DECEMBER EIGHTH

Better is Death than Life! Ah yes! to thousands  
Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings  
That song of consolation, till the air  
Rings with it, and they cannot choose but follow  
Whither he leads. And not the old alone,  
But the young also hear it, and are still.

*The Golden Legend*

### DECEMBER NINTH

The grave itself is but a covered bridge,  
Leading from light to light through a brief dark-  
ness.

*The Golden Legend*

### DECEMBER TENTH

Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange,  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;

Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning for evermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

*Rain in Summer*

#### DECEMBER ELEVENTH

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.  
It serves for food and raiment.

*The Golden Legend*

#### DECEMBER TWELFTH

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth and  
comfort it bespoke;  
But, alas! it now is quenched, and only bites us,  
like the smoke.

*Poetic Aphorisms*

#### DECEMBER THIRTEENTH

But Hope no longer  
Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,  
Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,  
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,  
Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,  
And sinks again into the weltering sea,  
Helpless and hopeless!

*The Spanish Student*

#### DECEMBER FOURTEENTH

More hearts are breaking in this world of ours  
Than one would say. In distant villages  
And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted  
The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage  
Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,  
And grow in silence, and in silence perish.  
Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?  
Or who takes note of every flower that dies?

*The Spanish Student*

#### DECEMBER FIFTEENTH

Into the Silent Land !  
Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?  
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,  
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.  
Who leads us with a gentle hand  
Thither, O thither,  
Into the Silent Land ?

*Song of the Silent Land*

#### DECEMBER SIXTEENTH

Into the Silent Land !  
To you, ye boundless regions  
Of all perfection ! Tender morning visions  
Of beauteous souls ! The Future's pledge and band  
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,  
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms  
Into the Silent Land !

*Song of the Silent Land*

#### DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH

O Land! O Land!  
For all the broken-hearted  
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,  
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand  
To lead us with a gentle hand  
Into the land of the great Departed,  
Into the Silent Land!

*Song of the Silent Land*

#### DECEMBER EIGHTEENTH

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs  
Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,  
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,  
When birds sang out their mellow lay,  
And winds were soft, and woods were green,  
And the song ceased not with the day.

*Woods in Winter*

#### DECEMBER NINETEENTH

The poor too often turn away unheard  
From hearts that shut against them with a sound  
That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me more  
Of your adversities.

*The Spanish Student*

## DECEMBER TWENTIETH

Works do follow us all unto God ; there stand and  
bear witness  
Not what they seemed,—but what they were  
only. Blessed is he who  
Hears their confession secure ; they are mute upon  
earth until death's hand  
Opens the mouth of the silent.

*The Children of the Lord's Supper*

## DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

Therefore love and believe ; for works will follow  
spontaneous  
Even as day does the sun ; the Right from the  
Good is an offspring,  
Love in a bodily shape ; and Christian works are  
no more than  
Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the ani-  
mate spring-tide.

*The Children of the Lord's Supper*

## DECEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

Our Lord and Master,  
When he departed, left us in his will,  
As our best legacy on earth, the poor !  
These we have always with us ; had we not,  
Our hearts would grow as hard as are these stones.

*The Golden Legend*

### DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

Still let it ever be thy pride  
To linger by the laborer's side ;  
With words of sympathy or song  
To cheer the dreary march along  
Of the great army of the poor,  
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.  
Nor to thyself the task shall be  
Without reward ; for thou shalt learn  
The wisdom early to discern  
True beauty in utility.

*To a Child*

### DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Shepherds at the grange,  
Where the Babe was born,  
Sang, with many a change,  
Christmas carols until morn.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire !

*A Christmas Carol*

### DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Hail to thee, Jesus of Nazareth !  
Though in a manger thou drawest thy breath,  
Thou art greater than Life and Death,  
Greater than Joy or Woe !

This cross upon the line of life  
Portendeth struggle, toil, and strife,  
And through a region with dangers rife  
In darkness shalt thou go!

*The Golden Legend*

#### DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

O the long and dreary Winter !  
O the cold and cruel Winter !  
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker  
Froze the ice on lake and river,  
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper  
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,  
Fell the covering snow, and drifted  
Through the forest, round the village.

*The Song of Hiawatha*

#### DECEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,  
Their beards of icicles and snow ;  
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,  
We must cower over the embers low ;  
And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,  
Mope like birds that are changing feather.

*Spring*

## DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

O holy Father! pardon in me  
The oscillation of a mind  
Unsteadfast, and that cannot find  
Its centre of rest and harmony!  
For evermore before mine eyes  
This ghastly phantom flits and flies,  
And as a madman through a crowd,  
With frantic gestures and wild cries,  
It hurries onward, and aloud  
Repeats its awful prophecies!  
Weakness is wretchedness! To be strong  
Is to be happy! I am weak,  
And cannot find the good I seek,  
Because I feel and fear the wrong!

*The Golden Legend*

## DECEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,  
When nearer seen, and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

*The Ladder of St. Augustine*

DECEMBER THIRTIETH

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.

*The Ladder of St. Augustine*

DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST

The book is completed,  
And closed, like the day;  
And the hand that has written it  
Lays it away.

*Curfew*



